



No. 358.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN,

THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCE VICTORIOUS AT THE BATTLES OF BELMONT, GRAS PAN, AND MODDER RIVER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

A month or so ago, I wrote in this column of the strong feeling that there was in Clubland as to the attacks made in the Parisian Press on Her Majesty. I instanced my own case, as a man with French relations, and with a genuine liking for the French people, and said that, under the circumstances, I did not intend to make a pleasure-trip to Paris, as I usually do in the late autumn, that thousands of other Clubmen felt as I did, and that these attacks might lead to serious consequences.

The man in the Club reads the French papers, or one or two of them, and forms his own judgment. The man in the omnibus, the man in the street, learns through the British Press the facts of the case. No paper published in Great Britain would, or could, give the text of the written insults, or a description of the pictorial ones; but the rank-and-file of stalwart Britons have within the past month understood that Her Majesty has been spattered with filth by a certain section of Parisian journalists, and the gorge of the nation has risen. What I said a month ago, as an echo of the voice of the Clubs, Mr. Chamberlain has said during the past week as the word of the people.

Probably Mr. Chamberlain's rough-tongued rebuke and the cry which is sure to rise from Parisian tradesmen and Riviera hotel-keepers will effect all we require—a measure of decency in referring to our Queen. To boycott next year's Exhibition seems to me to be as foolish now as when this measure was proposed during the *Affaire Dreyfus*. The swing of the pendulum of Parisian opinion is swift; some incident that pleases the imagination, some official stroking of French vanity, and we may see the Union Jack cheered by a Parisian mob and "God Save the Queen" sung in a Parisian theatre. Six months to the Parisian journalists, who evolve a fresh set of opinions every twenty-four hours, are an eternity. Should our exhibitors cancel their applications for space now, their place will be eagerly taken by the Americans, who have not half the space they require, and by the Continental nations; and six months hence we may have not the shadow of a difference with France, and by our own action be deprived of a worthy place in the great Exhibition, and have the uncomfortable feeling that we are being laughed at by all the other nations.

An appeal has been made, and made in the names of Lady Lansdowne and Lady Wolsley, that the wives and children of officers at the front should not be forgotten now that a great wave of generosity is sweeping over the land, and Colonel Gildea has opened a branch for this purpose in his charitable organisation. The chief reason given for the necessity of this is the expense which the purchase of kit, &c., throws on the shoulders of an

officer proceeding on active service. No doubt, all necessary delicacy will be brought to bear in dealing with the recipients of any donations; and there are many ladies who have lost their homes by their husbands being sent abroad, while they are forced to remain at home, and who have no parents living and no other home to go to. These ladies make no outcry, they never let their husbands know the privations they endure, they would never dream of asking the public for money, and they, I hope, may benefit by the present movement. But, apart from the charitable side of the question, there is another. The wives of the Civil Head of the Army and the Military Head of the Army appeal to the charitable because a heavy expense is entailed on all officers who go to risk their lives for their country. Surely this is not a matter for private purses to deal with, but for the purse of the nation. Britannia cannot wish her officers to be fined when they go to fight for her, and, instead of allowing their wives to take round the hat, the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War should from their places in the National Assembly ask for the necessary money to enable a grant for his campaigning kit to be made to every officer ordered from England on active service.

India is more generous in this matter than Great Britain is. Every British officer in India receives a liberal tentage allowance, in return for which he has to keep his camp equipage ready. An officer in India ordered on a Border expedition has no extraordinary preparations to make.

I fear that my notes this week have rather a sombre tinge; but the shadow of the war is over all the English-speaking world just now, and it is difficult to be light-hearted when every telegram from South Africa brings news of the death of a friend or of an old comrade. I described in this column, a few weeks ago, the inspection by the Duke of Cambridge of the Coldstream Guards, under Colonel Stopford, on the day before they left for "the front," and the gallant show the regiment made. Colonel Stopford was rightly proud that day of his men, and looked forward with a bright confidence to the manner in which they would acquit themselves under fire. His regiment has fought as the Guards always fight, but he has found a soldier's grave during his first campaign. Poor "Box"! His cheery presence will be much missed at the Carlton and the Guards' Clubs, and in Society generally.

Captain Earle, also of the Coldstreams, who fell in the same action, was another favourite in London Society, and, as Colonel Stopford also had been, was the head of some classes for officers of the Auxiliary Forces. There are many officers of the Militia and Volunteers

who will feel personal regret at the death of these two kindly gentlemen who have fallen so gloriously at the head of their men.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL POLE-CAREW, SPECIALLY PRAISED BY LORD METHUEN FOR HIS SKILL AND DASH IN THROWING A BRIDGE ACROSS THE MODDER RIVER IN THE GREAT BATTLE OF NOV. 23.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.



SOME VICTIMS OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN, WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.  
*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*



COMMANDER ETHELSTON, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF GRAS PAN.  
*Photo by West, Southsea.*



CAPTAIN SENIOR, R.M.A., KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF GRAS PAN.  
*Photo by Debenham, Southsea.*



LIEUT.-COL. H. STOPFORD, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.  
*Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.*



## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

These be stirring times. Within the last few weeks, several hard-fought engagements have occurred in different parts of the "area of hostilities," and each has resulted in a decisive victory to our arms. As a natural consequence, the glorious roll of the British drum draws daily nearer to Pretoria, and with the passage of every hour the time for the hoisting of the Union Jack over the city there grows less remote.

When, at length, the English Flag shall be floating there once more, it will be found that it is largely owing to Lord Methuen's splendid generalship. An officer of thirty-five years' service, he had already seen a great deal of fighting in West and South Africa, Egypt, and India before receiving his present appointment of commander of the Column which at this moment is hastening towards Kimberley. In the Bechuanaland Expedition of fifteen years ago, the name and fame of "Methuen's Horse" were proverbial throughout South Africa, and the exploits of this body are still remembered. He is a born leader of men, and one of the best strategists in the Army.

After the brilliant affair at Gras Pan on Nov. 25 (duly recounted in these columns last week), Lord Methuen, with about 7000 troops of all arms, continued his advance. Among the many gallant men who, figuring in the casualty list on this memorable occasion, were consequently left behind, were a considerable number belonging to the Naval Brigade. As usual, the officers suffered severely, and Commander Ethelston, R.N., and Captain Guy Senior, Royal Marine Artillery, were both killed within a few minutes of one another. The former, who belonged to H.M.S. *Powerful*, had twenty-four years' service, and took part in the Soudan Expedition of 1884-85. With regard to Captain Senior, however, the campaign in which he fell was the first in which he had served. At the time of his death he was only twenty-four years of age.

At early dawn on the morning of the 28th ult. a large force of the enemy were encountered, strongly intrenched along the bank of the Modder River. As this was in flood at the time, no means of outflanking the Boers existed. Accordingly, a frontal attack was necessary.

Without a moment's delay, this was delivered. With the Guards on the right, the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, 1st Loyal North Lancashires, and 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on the left, supported by Artillery and Bluejackets, the action commenced. This, which lasted for ten hours, was afterwards described by Lord Methuen as "one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British Army." The detailed accounts of the engagement that have since been received make this abundantly clear. Deprived of both food and water, and fighting without intermission from dawn to afternoon, under the pitiless rays of the fierce South African sun, our gallant troops must have been hardly tried. Nevertheless, they did not waver for a moment, and, despite the extraordinarily hot fire to which they were exposed, slowly but surely pressed forward. At length, with a brilliantly executed bayonet charge, they dashed across the bullet-swept zone, and drove the enemy from their position.

Thus was fought and won the Battle of Modder River, in which the British soldier once more demonstrated that, when capably led, he is indeed "second to none." Where all acquitted themselves so well, it is not easy to make special mention of any particular body. Lord Methuen seems to have found the same difficulty, for in his official despatch concerning the engagement he wrote: "I speak in terms of high praise of the conduct of all concerned." At the same time, he pays a marked tribute to the services rendered on this occasion by the two batteries of Artillery which accompanied his column. Of the officers engaged in the action, Brigadier-General Pole-Carew is mentioned by name as having headed the first party that succeeded in crossing the river. He is a Guardsman with about thirty years' service, and has already taken part in three campaigns.

Great as was the victory, so also was the price in killed and wounded that we had to pay for it. Indeed, the casualty-list resulting from the battle is the heaviest that has as yet been chronicled during the war. When, last Saturday afternoon, it was made public, it was shown to amount to a total of 72 killed and 396 wounded. Of the former, four were officers, and of the latter nineteen. Among the killed were Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Northcott, Leinster Regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel Horace Stopford, 2nd Coldstream Guards. At the time of his death, the first-named officer held an important post on the Staff of the First Army Corps. He had previously been on active service in Zululand and on the Gold Coast. Colonel Stopford had only lately been appointed to the command of his battalion. The present was his first campaign.

Foremost among the wounded was Lord Methuen himself. Fortunately, his hurt (which was a flesh one in the thigh) is not of a serious nature, and, with his splendid constitution, the gallant General should make a speedy recovery. This, I fear, can scarcely prove the case with Major Count Gleichen, Grenadier Guards, as his wound is officially described as being "serious." He joined his regiment in 1881, and attained to his present rank just a year ago.

In other parts of South Africa the tide of events has flowed somewhat slowly during the week, although a determined battle may at any moment take place at Grobler's Hill. This is in the vicinity of Colenso, and commands the Tugela River. Whenever the storm bursts, however, it will be found that Sir Redvers Buller (who is now at Pietermaritzburg) is fully prepared. A large British force (numbering about 18,000 men) has been concentrated at Frere in readiness to strike at any moment. The latest news from this place states that the enemy were engaged on the 28th ult. On the previous day they had commenced a retreat towards Colenso, and it was while they were attempting to destroy the bridge

here that our attack was delivered. No determined resistance appears to have been offered, and the Boers were promptly driven back by General Clery's Artillery and Mounted Infantry in combination.

On Saturday last a large number of troops left England for the purpose of reinforcing the Fifth Division of the Army Corps in Natal. Among these were the 2nd Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers (commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Blomfield, D.S.O.) and the Middlesex Regiment (commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Hill). Both regiments are over a thousand strong, and may be confidently expected to render a good account of themselves. The mobilisation of a Sixth Division for active service in South Africa has also been determined upon. It will be commanded by Lieut.-General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., and will consist of eight battalions of infantry, besides cavalry, and three batteries of Horse Artillery.

## "THE DAILY CHRONICLE'S" NEW EDITOR.

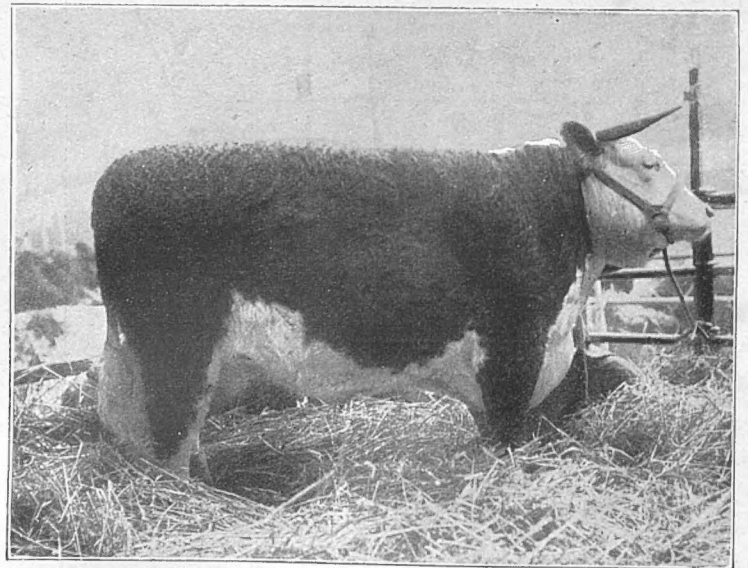
The news that Mr. W. J. Fisher had been appointed Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in succession to meteoric Mr. Massingham, the brilliant and eloquent leader-writer, was received by the editorial staff of the paper last Friday night with the liveliest satisfaction. The prevailing sentiment was that the proprietors, Messrs. Lloyd, had acted wisely in their own interests, and, therefore, in the interests of those whose pleasure as well as duty it will be to work under Mr. Fisher. And the new Editor's many friends in the journalistic and the outside world have added their congratulations to those of his colleagues.

Mr. Fisher has been a member of the *Chronicle* staff for about eighteen years, first as Foreign Editor and leader-writer, and later as Assistant-Editor. He is a thorough journalist, in the highest sense of the term, has had considerable and varied experience, and is possessed of that peculiar understanding of his fellow-men and grip of the public pulse which are essential to the successful editor. His politics, so far as he divulges them, are those of his proprietors—Liberal, but by no means "Little English." He has no fads, and belongs to no clique. The high standard aimed at in what is known as the *Chronicle's* literary page under Mr. Massingham is not likely to suffer in the hands of his successor. Mr. Fisher is a well-known Mason.

In view of some recent utterances in the *Chronicle*, it is a noteworthy fact that the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, its original proprietor, and father of Mr. Frank Lloyd and the other present proprietors, was a Liberal-Unionist. He was, by the way, largely instrumental in securing the abolition of the newspaper stamp duty. With a keen sense of the requirements of the modern newspaper-reader, he founded the *Daily Chronicle* in 1876, substituting the short, crisp leader—until lately a feature of the paper—and aiming at justifying the line at the top of the contents-bill, "More News than Any Other Paper," by giving the news of the day, fresh and in an attractive form.

Messrs. Lloyd are also proprietors of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, with its circulation of more than a million, and of the largest paper-mills in the British Isles. Their policy hitherto has been to give a free hand to their editors, and thus it has sometimes happened, as lately, that their private political views have not been reflected in the pages of the *Chronicle*.

This week London is crowded with country-cousins, who make the Annual Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, organised by the Smithfield Club, the reason for a visit to the Metropolis. The chief object of



THE QUEEN'S HEREFORD STEER.

Winner of Champion Prize Birmingham Cattle Show, also Champion of Norwich Show, and a great attraction at the Smithfield Club's Cattle Show in the Agricultural Hall.

interest on Monday morning was, of course, Her Majesty's "let-'em-all-come" Hereford steer that carried off so many prizes at the Birmingham Show. The picture here reproduced of the famous beast will doubtless arouse the envy of those breeders who have not been able to see the original at Islington.

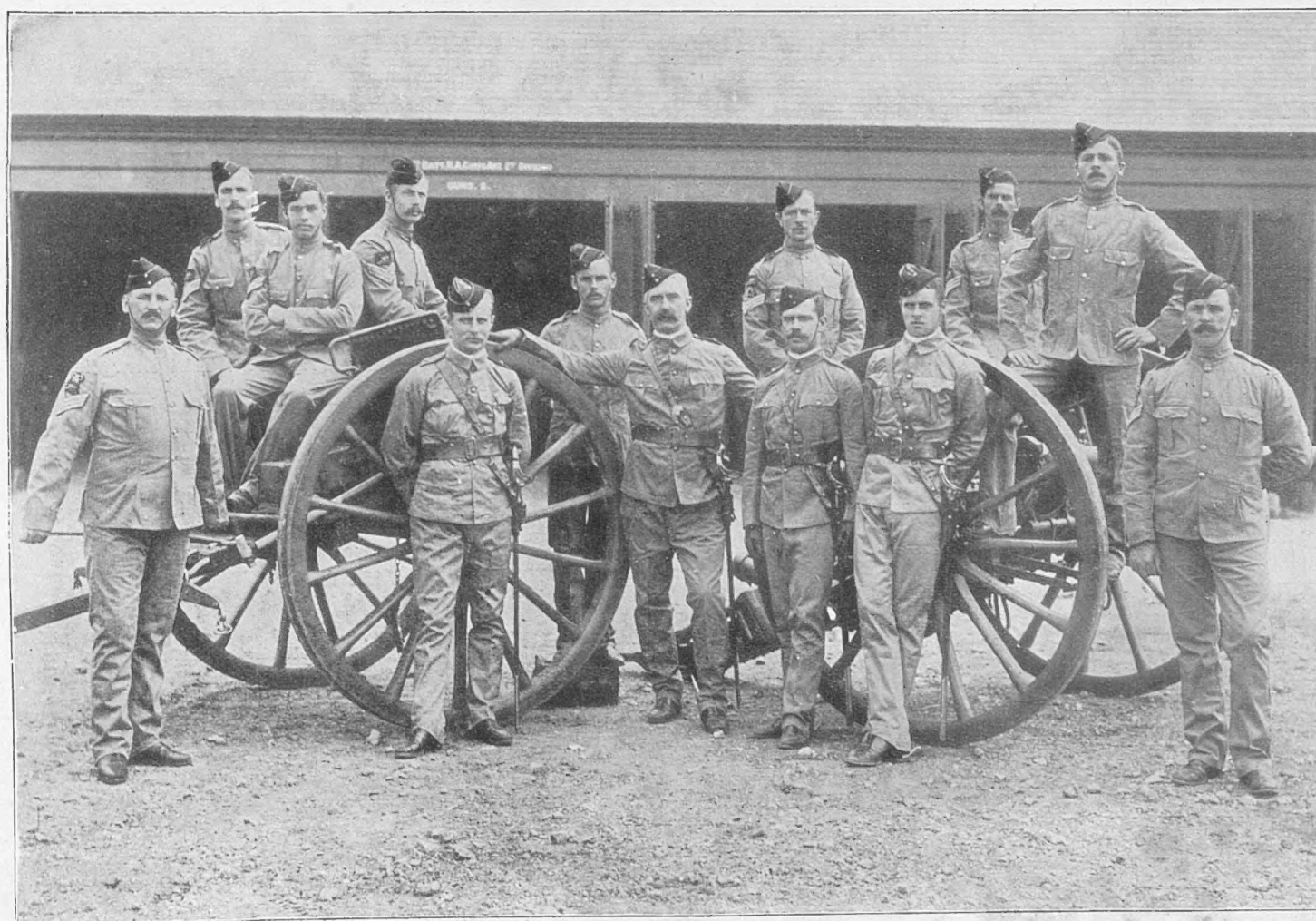


# HEROES OF MODDER RIVER.

*From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



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## MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL SMOKING CONCERT.

A very hilarious affair was the Ninth Annual Smoking Concert of the  
Middlesex Hospital, held in St. Martin's Town Hall on Friday evening  
last. The programme was a strong one, many prominent members of  
the theatrical profession giving their services in aid of the good cause.  
Mrs. Brown-Potter scored a tremendous success in "Ordered to the Front,"  
Miss Mabel Love and Miss Marie Dainton were cheered until the hall  
rang again, Mr. Syd May gave a really wonderful imitation of Mr. Dan  
Leno, and a host of other artists kept the ball rolling merrily to a late  
hour. But the greatest enthusiasm was aroused by Miss Edna May, at  
whom the students rose as one man, and would not be satisfied until she  
had given them two coon-songs and "Follow On." They then lined the  
stairs and cheered her into her carriage, as only medical students—about  
midnight—can cheer. The proceeds of the concert will be given to the  
general funds of the hospital.

On Friday last the cross-country race between the Universities of Oxford  
and Cambridge resulted in the completest possible victory for the latter,  
whose five representatives all came in ahead of the leading Oxford man.  
I believe I am right in saying that only once before since these contests  
were instituted has such a decisive victory been obtained; but, without  
means at hand of reference, my memory does not serve me well enough  
to recollect in what year it was. The distance covered was about eight  
miles, starting from the King's Head, Roehampton, and going by way of  
Coombe, Malden, and Raynes Park back to Roehampton, the finish being  
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December 6, 1899.

Signature.....



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Princess of Wales always prefers to keep her birthday among those nearest and dearest to her, and, in deference to her wishes, Dec. 1 is always spent by her, whenever it is possible, in her beautiful Norfolk home. This time last year, Her Royal Highness was plunged in the deepest mourning for her mother, but those who have lately had the privilege of seeing the Princess declare that she is just now looking brighter and younger than she has looked for years; indeed, ever since the lamented death of her eldest son. The Princess must look back on one of her birthdays with very mingled feelings. It was on Dec. 1, 1871, that the Prince of Wales first recovered consciousness after his terrible attack of typhoid fever, and his first coherent utterance to those about him was, "This is the Princess's birthday." But the danger was not over, and the first half of the month was spent by Her Royal Highness, and, indeed, by the whole nation, in agonising suspense and fear.

A year later, in the December of 1872, Princess Alice wrote to the Queen: "That our dear, sweet Alex should have been spared this terrible grief, when this time last year it seemed so imminent, fills my heart with great gratitude, for her dear sake, as for yours, his children, and ours. . . ." Dec. 1 is always spent at Sandringham in a thoroughly homely fashion: the Prince of Wales



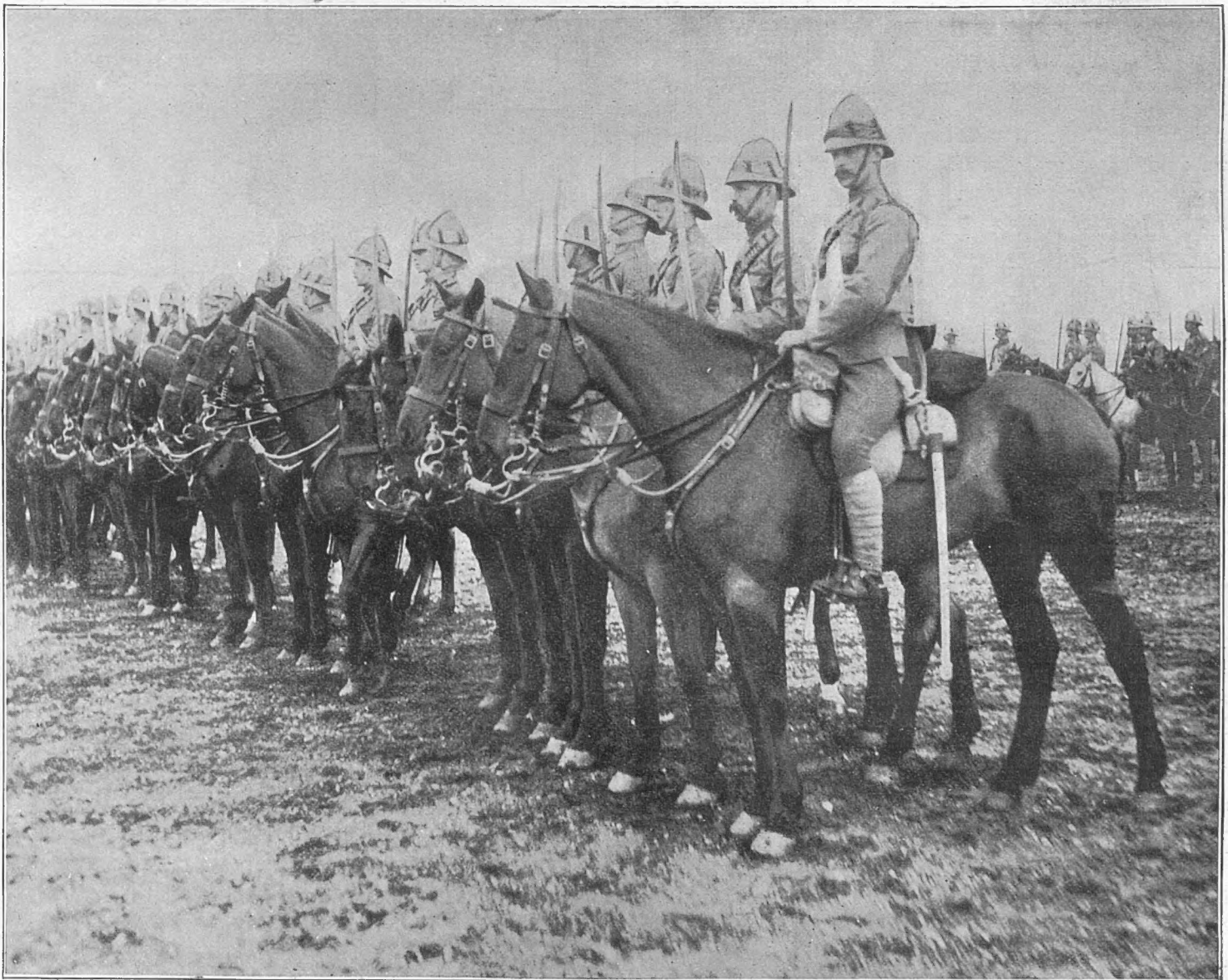
MR. E. F. KNIGHT, WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST."

Photo by Denny and Co., Torquay.

and each of his children devote much thought and care to choosing the sort of gifts which the beloved Princess will specially like, and each takes the form of a "surprise," that of His Royal Highness often being a valuable animal. Many, many Happy Returns of the Day to our sweet Princess!

The daring and able Special Correspondents at the front deserve our warmest gratitude and sincere sympathy. The risks they daily run were sadly exemplified in the wounds received by Mr. Winston Churchill (a captive in Pretoria) and by that experienced War-historian, Mr. E. F. Knight, another clever representative of the *Morning Post* in South Africa. Mr. Knight was hit during Lord Methuen's first engagement, near Belmont. He was a victim to Boer treachery. Accompanying the Northampton's in their attack, Mr. Knight and the two soldiers nearest him, misled by a white handkerchief attached by a Boer to his rifle, are reported to have sprung to their feet and to have been instantly shot by Dum-Dum bullets. I am indebted to Mr. Dunn, Editor of the *Morning Post*, for his courtesy in lending me the accompanying portrait of Mr. Knight, whose convalescence will, I

trust, be hastened by rest and careful nursing at Cape Town. Before he joined the *Morning Post* staff, he had rendered notable service to the *Times*. Commencing with the Franco-German War, in 1870-1, he has



SQUADRON OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, NOW ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



since chronicled many a campaign, ranging from the Hunza-Nagar operations and the Matabele Rebellion to the French Expedition to Madagascar and the Turko-Greek War, the Cuban War, and the Sirdar's victorious Khartoum Campaign. May he soon be among us again!

The German Emperor's generous gift of £300 to the wives and children of those soldiers belonging to "his regiment" set a most

delightful and appropriate seal on His Imperial Majesty's successful and brilliant stay in this country. Curiously enough, the Emperor, since early childhood, had never previously had the opportunity of staying or even passing through a country actively engaged in an important war. But during his stay at Windsor he frequently recalled to those about him the dramatic beginnings of the Franco-Prussian War. He was at that time ten years old, a most impressive age, and every incident of that momentous year stamped itself for ever on his memory.

Whenever the Kaiser takes his walks abroad, he carries with him a jewel-case filled with all manner of souvenirs—pins, rings, brooches, snuff-boxes, and cigarette-cases, the latter, like the one just presented to Chief Inspector Melville, of Scotland Yard, being usually ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. In England the expense of these gifts is much heavier than on the Continent, owing to the fact that the Queen's subjects, without her special leave (such as was given to Lord Churchill the other day), are not allowed to receive foreign decorations. Abroad, a ribbon or a cross is cheaper to bestow, and more acceptable to the recipient than a snuff-box or a pin. During his visit to Palestine, however, the Kaiser's presents, over and above the decorations, cost more than £20,000. So we may



BUGLER OF THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

hope—the Emperor having favoured us with his presence (!)—that His Imperial Majesty's alliance will have a concrete as well as a political value.

Curiously enough, before leaving Windsor the Kaiser was appointed an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, an institution of chivalry expressly founded by the Queen in order that she might conveniently decorate foreigners, especially during her visits to the Continent, without keeping up the snuff-box and pin custom, which had prevailed prior to 1896. With this object, no less than five classes were created, two more than the Bath (though this has Civil and Military divisions), the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire. Of course, there is only one class in respect of the Garter, the Thistle, and the Order of St. Patrick. It is not generally known, by the way, that a C.V.O., or Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, though he does not become "Sir" by the distinction, ranks above a Knight Bachelor and a C.B., or Companion of the Bath. Hitherto, the only Sovereigns who have been created Honorary Knights Grand Cross of the Victorian Order are the Prince of Montenegro and the little King of Spain; but among lesser lights figure Li Hung Chang, the Hereditary Prince of Leiningen, General de Négrier, Prince Alexis Dolgorouky, M. Arsène Henry, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and Count Joachim Moltke. Of course, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught are G.C.V.O., as well as the Duke of York, Duke of Cambridge, and Duke of Teck, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Portland, Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Howe, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Pembroke. The ribbon of the Order, dark-blue with a striped edging of red and white, is apt at a distance to be mistaken by the unthinking for the brighter colour of the Garter.

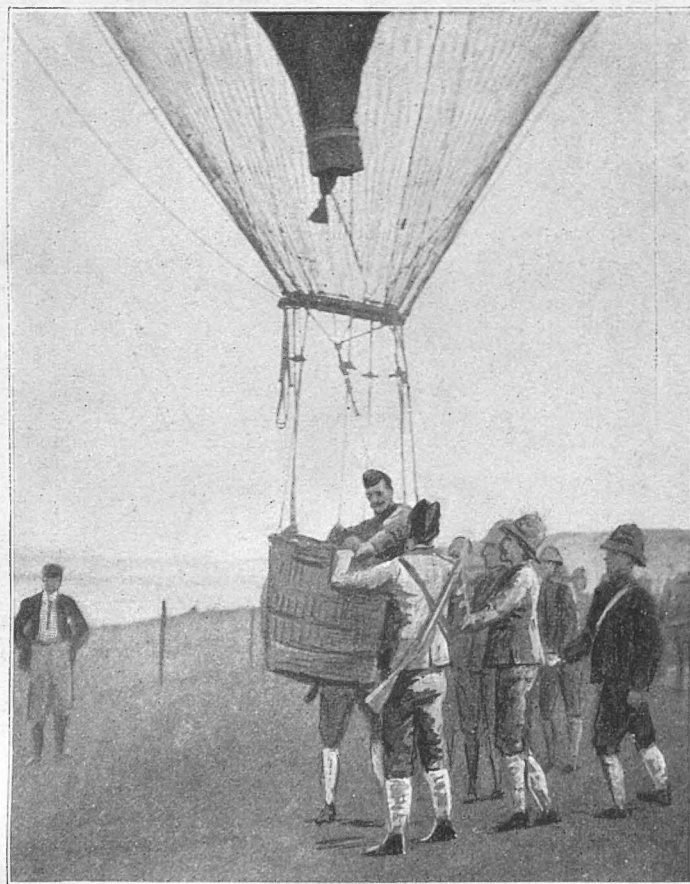
Major the Hon. North de Coigny Dalrymple-Hamilton, of the Scots Guards, who was severely wounded at Belmont, is the second son of the Earl of Stair. On the death of his mother a few years ago, he assumed her name of Hamilton. He joined the Guards in 1871, and in 1882 was present with his regiment at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. In 1885, in an

action at Hasheen, Major Dalrymple-Hamilton was wounded, and while lying in Netley Hospital was visited by his Sovereign, with whom and other members of the Royal Family he is a great favourite. The Queen and Princess of Wales have been sponsors to his children. At the last General Election, the Hon. North Dalrymple-Hamilton contested Mr. Gladstone's old Midlothian seat in the Unionist interest, and will likely again be a candidate for that constituency.

The strain caused by the war on the Arsenal authorities at Woolwich has been so great that double time has been the order of the day. Happily the outbreak of hostilities did not find those in authority in the unprepared and almost helpless state which obtained at Woolwich when the Crimean War began. It is forgotten, even by those who remember that prolonged and useless contest, that, when the war broke out, the weapons in stock for our infantry consisted of 109,729 *flint-lock* muskets of *fifteen* different patterns, and 107,000 smooth-bore percussion-lock muskets of *eight* different patterns! The scared officials had to give large orders for weapons in France, Belgium, and America till they got the Government factories into working order and the Enfield was made the standard rifle.

By the way, it is not generally known that Woolwich Arsenal owes its establishment to a Swiss, one Andrew Schalch, who, being present in 1716 at the re-casting at the Royal Foundry, Moorfields, of the guns taken from the French by Marlborough, prophesied that the dampness of the moulds would cause a fearful disaster. The explosion duly occurred, and killed several workmen. The prophet's address was unknown, so he was advertised for in the public papers, and, having duly responded, was entrusted with choosing a better site for casting the royal ordnance. He selected a rabbit-warren at Woolwich, by reason that it was within twelve miles of London, dry, near to the river, and close by beds of loam used for the moulds. Since Schalch's time what changes have occurred! Even the siege of Sevastopol added two thousand houses to the town.

The carriage of the guns to the transports at Southampton is being effected not, as most people would suppose, on specially made railway-trolleys, but by ingeniously uniting cattle-trucks, the ends being knocked out till the required length is attained. Of course, this applies to the pieces despatched from Aldershot and elsewhere, and not to the guns embarked at Woolwich itself. In the case of the projectiles, the utmost secrecy prevails, the artisans being sworn to silence, and the several groups of workmen who make the torpedoes with which some of the forts at the mouth of the Thames are armed know only how to construct that particular portion of the projectile which concerns their peculiar



ASCENT OF SIR GEORGE WHITE'S BALLOON AT LADYSMITH.

Photo by one of our Special Correspondents, Mr. G. Lynch.

group. It would probably surprise most of the passengers who voyage merrily down the river to Margate or Clacton to be informed that at certain points below Gravesend the simple pressure of a button could, with fatal accuracy, hurl into the air the *Marguerite* or the *Koh-i-Noor*, shattered into a thousand fragments.



Duke of Cambridge. Prince of Wales. German Emperor. Duke of York.



Princess of Wales. German Empress. Duchess of York. Princess Charles of Denmark. Princess Victoria of Wales.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO SANDRINGHAM: SHOOTING-PARTY GROUP ARRANGED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS GROUNDS.



German Emperor. Duke of Cambridge.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO SANDRINGHAM: THE PRINCE OF WALES COUNTING THE BAG.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET.



The whole nation delights to cheer the troops elected to go to South Africa, but the greatest honour that could be paid to any regiment fell to the lot of the Household Cavalry when reviewed by Her Majesty in person. The scene was a thrilling one, and must surely have re-determined

every man there to die, if need be, in defence of his country.

Another very happy little touch in connection with the departure of the troops for the seat of war was the "send-off" supper to the Cape Squadron of the Royal Horse Guards given at Hyde Park Barracks Monday, Nov. 27. A patriotic and festive note, thoroughly well-sustained throughout the evening, was struck at the outset by Mr. Leighton Ward's very clever menu, designed, of course, for the occasion, and reproduced, by kind permission of the artist, on this page. No words of mine are needed to explain the announcement that

"An Armoured

Train will leave Victoria Station (under Estcourt) to convey sick and wounded visitors to their homes." The squadron was also honoured by a rousing address from Lord Wolseley. On board the transport is Colonel Neeld, the gallant officer who will lead them to victory on Africa's distant shores.

The splendid bravery of the 3rd Grenadiers in the advance on Kimberley recalls the fact that, though the battalion ranks last of the three, it is not by any means the least distinguished. Together with its 1st Battalion, the 3rd fought under Moore at Corunna, and, later on, again with its senior battalion, was at San Sebastian, St. Marcial, Bidassoa, Nive, Nivelle, and the Adour, and at the investment of Bayonne. Then, with the 2nd Battalion this time, the 3rd fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, losing half its strength in killed and wounded, and gaining for the regiment—hitherto known as the "1st Foot Guards"—the title of "Grenadier Guards" and the right to bear the "grenade" badge, and to wear the bearskin, which had been up till then worn only by the Grenadier company. This privilege was granted in recognition of their defeat of Napoleon's Grenadiers.

In the Crimean War the 3rd was the only battalion of the regiment engaged, and added Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol to the "honours" roll, losing nearly six hundred men during the two years of the war. Since then its only war-service has been at Suakin in 1885, but the recent fighting shows that the 3rd lacked opportunity only. Lieut.-Colonel Crabbe, who was wounded at Kaffir's Kop—though he himself describes it as a "scratch," which does not necessitate his laying-up—joined the regiment twenty-eight years ago, and besides holding staff appointments, has seen considerable fighting, for he was in Egypt in 1882, and three years later, in the Nile Expedition, was with the Guards Camel Corps at Abu Klea and El Gubat, getting a "mention" and a Brevet-Majority. As he is now only a Lieutenant-Colonel, his promotion has been by no means rapid.

The following extract from a letter just received from a village near Cape Town gives a bit of local colour that I haven't yet come across elsewhere—

A train-full of wounded from Eland's Laagte stopped here to-day. The Tommies were chirpy as anything. They said the bullets didn't hurt much. The thing that had impressed them most was that "all the dead Boers stank of whisky."

Lady Sarah Wilson, who is one of the beleaguered Newspaper Correspondents in Mafeking, has forwarded to England from Bulawayo the skin of a fine lion, which is now in the hands of a well-known taxidermist in London. Her ladyship has given instructions that it is not to be finally mounted until her return from South Africa.

When a Kipling writes patriotic songs, he can command a lordly fee, running far into the enchanted realm of three figures; when the bard in the street offers a supply of patriotic ware, his reward is in shillings

or in the smaller gold coins of the realm. I have had a chat with a gentleman whose songs find an audience in music-halls of the second or third class, and his account of procedure was decidedly strange. "I first write the song," he remarked. "That is the easiest part of the business. I've done nearly a dozen since the war began. Then I take it to Blank, who composes the music, and then we go out hunting." In reply to my request for more definite statements, the writer of songs went on to explain that he and the composer hunt together. Their coverts are various hostleries frequented by the quarry—managers and singers who have yet to attain to world-wide celebrity. At one house, where the sport proceeds very briskly, a sitting-room, with a piano, pens, ink, and paper, is at the disposal of the writer and composer. When they have caught their struggling "pro," or their manager looking for material for a provincial pantomime, they bring him up in triumph and sing the song to him. If he likes it, an agreement is made at once for the rights of singing it in a certain place. The fee is a very low one, and goes to the composer and writer in the proportion of two to one. A fairly good song may do duty in fifty pantomimes; and even though the fee be no more than half-a-guinea, it mounts up to a sum that renders the work remunerative. "I got my latest in eight pantomimes at a guinea a time last Wednesday," said the scribe, "but I had to take twenty-three drinks during the day." "How do you manage?" I asked, knowing the speaker to be a temperate man. "It's easy enough," he replied. "They know me at all the places I go to. I ask for gin, and they give me water."

I hear that Mr. Manning Foster, a *Sketch* contributor and all-round writer, has just taken over the editorship of the *County Gentleman*. Mr. Foster intends to brighten and lighten the paper generally, and under his able guidance I shall hope to see this old and well-known journal develop once again into a really fine property.

A music-hall "turn" at Blackpool has just introduced a "gag" ridiculing the manager. This sort of thing must be stopped. Fancy, at the Lyceum, Mr. H. B. IRVING (*aside, to the pit*): "Now the governor's got to keep off for a while, from sheer exhaustion, perhaps I can get in a few lines."

Or JOHN STORM (*incidentally to Glory Quayle*): "Though what Frohman puts this rot on the stage for at all licks me!"

Mr. Neil Forsyth, the organiser of the popular Fancy-Dress Balls at Covent Garden, is a Scotchman. On his mother's side, Mr. Forsyth is a



JUST COME TO EARTH AFTER HAVING A LOOK AT THE BOERS:  
OUR WAR-BALLOON AT LADYSMITH.

Photo by one of our Special Correspondents, Mr. G. Lynch.

MacDonald, of the district of Tain, in Ross-shire. He was born in Kinross-shire, which is the smallest county in Scotland except Clackmannan, in 1866, but left there when he was about seven or eight years old, and has lived in England ever since. He is "one of the best."



I don't think that this story has ever crept into print before, but I should imagine it to be one of the most humorous in the life of Lord Rosebery. It comes direct from his own lips. When he was at the Foreign Office, a titled lady came to him and said, "You have read of that terrible Anarchist outrage at Barcelona. My husband is there, and I am so afraid that something terrible may happen to him!" Lord Rosebery replied, "The Governor is a personal friend of mine. I knew him when he was in London, and I will do all that is needful." He wired the Governor in terms couched somewhat like this: "Please assure yourself of the security of Mr. X. I have particular reasons.—ROSEBERY." Three days later a reply came back: "I have done as you desired. X. is safely under lock and key in the dungeons with the other Anarchists. Was associating with dangerous female Anarchist." All that followed before the unfortunate man, who had been put on the salted-food diet, in order, by thirst, to drive him to confess anything, would be deemed far-fetched in a Palais-Royal farce. When the story was told to Lord Rosebery, he remarked, "Never again will I go out of my way to do anything other than my official duties."

Sir Martin Conway, F.R.G.S., the famous Alpine climber, who is to be asked to contest South Wolverhampton, should have little difficulty in compelling Mr. J. L. Gibbons, the sitting member, to climb down from the pinnacle which he holds by little more than a hundred votes. Up to February in last year, when he passed away at an advanced age, the constituency had been represented for a long period by Mr. C. P. Villiers, the late "Father" of the House. Sir Martin unsuccessfully contested Bath at the last General Election, when he was within four hundred or so votes of Mr. E. R. Wodehouse. The highest mountain which he has ever ascended is one of twenty-three thousand feet in the



WOUNDED ENGLISH OFFICERS AND MEN BEING SENT FROM LADYSMITH TO MARITZBURG BEFORE THE BOER INVESTMENT.

*Photo by one of our Special Correspondents, Mr. G. Lynch.*

Himalayas, and should he succeed in gaining admission to St. Stephen's, this well-known climber will find himself in particularly congenial company, seeing that there are already no fewer than three Hills, besides a Mount, in the People's Chamber.

Those of my readers whose tastes in the way of wine outrun the length of their pockets ought certainly to know of "Onomosto," highly recommended by the *Lancet* and *The Sketch*. One cause of champagne being so costly is that it is bottled where it is made. Messrs. Thomas Grant and Sons have solved the difficulty of bottling in this country, with the result that those who wish to celebrate Christmas with a draught of sparkling "fizz" at a small cost can now procure "Onomosto" at the ridiculous price of two shillings and threepence per bottle, or twenty-seven shillings a dozen.

A good story anent the great Anglo-foreign meat question was told the other night at one of the Service clubs. A certain Major Brownjones, who made it his boast that he never allowed American or Colonial meat to be served at his table, recently visited an old comrade in Liverpool. One night at dinner a most delicious saddle of (apparently) Welsh mutton appeared, to which the Major did ample justice. "Ah!" he observed, "I wish that my butcher in London would send me stuff like that; and yet he deals only in the best British meat." "Well," said his friend, "as a matter of fact, you have been eating New Zealand mutton; but it's only fair to say that I get it from a friend who is a large wholesale importer." "By Jove, you don't say so!" exclaimed the guest; "I wish he'd tell me where I can get the like in town." "We'll go and see him to-morrow," said the host. The visit was duly paid to the meat-monger, who smiled when he heard the Londoner's eulogy and explanation. "Tell me," he returned, after listening to the gallant epicure's remarks, "in what part of London you reside, and I dare say I can give you the address of a retail butcher who will supply you with exactly the same sort of mutton as that which you like

so much." The Major handed him his card. "Ah!" observed the importer, "there's the very man within two streets of your house. We supply him with all his meat. Here's his address," he added, handing



CAPTAIN PRETORIUS IN A DOOLEY, A PRISONER AT LADYSMITH.

*Photo by one of our Special Correspondents, Mr. G. Lynch.*

a slip of paper to the seeker after succulent joints. The Major read, the Major started, the Major frowned—the Major, truth to say, cried vengeance; and no wonder, for the address was that of his own butcher, who dealt only in home produce.

I heard a good story the other day. An Englishman hailing from the North went into the Chatham Hotel in Paris, and cautiously asked the price of a whisky. "One franc, sir," replied the bar-tender. "And a whisky-and-soda?" "One franc, sir. All drinks are the same price." The Englishman sat down, and, to his astonishment, found that the place was run on American lines, and that the customers helped themselves at their own discretion. He punished that bottle of whisky till it was nearly empty. As he went out, he paid down his franc; but the manager called him back and said, "You have forgotten your change." "I thought that the drink was a franc." "That is so, sir," was the reply, said very sarcastically; "that is the retail price, but there is a reduction when you buy wholesale." And he handed back five sous.

The publication by Harpers of a new edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," the first of a series of popular novels, recalls the fact that it is twenty-five years since Mr. Hardy first won a popular success with this story. Some critics had already seen the great promise of Mr. Hardy's first stories. "Far from the Madding Crowd" was published anonymously. There was interesting speculation as to who the author was. Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, suggested that the author was no less a personage than George Eliot. The late



WOUNDED BOER PRISONERS IN LADYSMITH LEAVING FOR MARITZBURG.

*Photo by one of our Special Correspondents, Mr. G. Lynch.*

Professor Minto, however, who was then the editor of the *Examiner*, thought that the author was a stronger writer than George Eliot, and gave reasons for thinking so. He believed that the writer must be a man. The event showed that Mr. Minto was right and Mr. Hutton wrong.



Still the post-card craze continues! The latest idea comes from the Picture Post-Card Company, Limited. Surely no two better men could have been chosen for pictorial representation than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner! Neither of them is a stranger to



THE LATEST PICTORIAL POST-CARD.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the great British public, but it is interesting to note the wonderful and increasing influence, as shown by his recent great speeches, that Mr. Chamberlain has on the political conduct of the whole world.

Sir Alfred Milner is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. The coolness and tact that he has throughout displayed are worthy of the greatest praise, and every journalist should feel proud to remember that the High Commissioner for Cape Colony started life as a Pressman. I am able to reproduce in the next column a group of famous Balliol men, showing Sir Alfred Milner as an undergraduate.

It may interest those scoundrels of the Parisian Press who vilify our Queen to know that, had Her Majesty followed her own inclination, she would once more have fixed on her favourite Cimiez for her spring holiday, but the confidential reports received from the French police declared that, owing to the unostentatious and "homelike" manner of living adopted by our Sovereign, it would be almost impossible to thoroughly safeguard her person from the attack of some fanatic excited by the scurrilous Anglophobia of a portion of the Press. Therefore the Italian Riviera was chosen. Then it was, and only then, that the torrent of journalistic slush was let loose upon the gentlest, kindest, and most revered of living women. As at present arranged, Her Majesty, on her journey to Bordighera, will not pass through France, but travel *via* Germany, landing at Flushing or Antwerp, or possibly Ostend.

Madame Lebreton-Bourbaki, whose death is announced, and who was for thirty years the faithful companion of the Empress Eugénie, had something more in her life than the ordinary calm-flowing history of an ordinary Lady-in-Waiting. She was the sister of General Bourbaki, one of the heroes of the Crimean War, and one of the most brilliant officers of French arms in the war of 1870, and the fortunes of this brother and sister of lowly origin are as interesting as a tale told between covers. Charles Bourbaki rose like a comet in the French Army, to win the highest grade before Sebastopol and to be named Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor and Commander of the Imperial Guard. At the same time, his sister entered the Tuileries as reader to the Empress. The exploits of Bourbaki before the Prussians are famous, and his temperament is all summed up in the fact that, after a disaster and forced retreat, he shot himself in the head in the midst of his army.

Madame Lebreton's son was his uncle's standard-bearer, and was killed under Metz, dying with the French flag in his arms. It is a curious fact that this brother and sister were not of French but of Greek origin. Madame Lebreton followed the Empress into exile, and when the latter in her turn lost a son on the battle-field, it was Madame Lebreton who could best understand this loss. Common memories and similar griefs united her and the Empress.

There is a new "affair" in Paris, the affair of the Assomptionist Fathers, and it looms up with the promise of a scandal. The Assomptionists are a religious Order banded for political ends. In open revolt against the instructions of the Pope, they combat the Republic, and the vehicle of their violent polemics is a journal called the *Croix*. Their campaign has ended in a descent of the police, who found, it is said, matter for grave charges; among other things, nearly two

million francs in their safe in small bills and gold-pieces, presumably meant to buy up the populace at a given moment in aid of the Royalist plot. The Government, which has yet to try this process, might be disposed to be lenient, but, with singular maladroitness, the Assomptionists have brought a suit against the *Figaro* for publishing the facts. Having thus made an enemy of the most powerfully equipped journal in Paris, all the dirty linen of the Assomptionists is likely to be washed in public, and the French Church is liable in consequence to suffer a small earthquake.

It will come as a relief to London citizens to know that their Christmas amusements will cost them nothing. A Society has been formed in Paris to recruit 20,000 Frenchmen, who will reach the City somewhere about Boxing Day, to avenge the poor and simple-hearted Boer. Previously to marching down Whitehall, they will conquer the Channel Islands—at least, so the bills stuck up in Paris this week state. I don't know who is to be in command, but that we shall see for ourselves when the time comes. As no French ironclad, probably, could get afloat at Cherbourg or Brest without the assistance of an English tug, it is well that owners should carefully consider their position as patriots before signing any agreement with the estimable Jean Crapaud. Those wishing to join in the enterprise will find the officers of the Society in La Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. Why not Rue du Nouveau Jeu? The office hours are from ten to four, and I suppose that everyone should bring with him "le sabre de mon père."

That militant Anti-Semite, friend of Esterhazy, and editor of the *Libre Parole*, M. Edouard Drumont, who, the day of the Ladysmith reverse, howled with joy, and hung out from his office-windows the Orange and Transvaal flags, is in nowise moved to this pitch of emotion by a love for Boers. His Anglophobia is of longer date. There was a time when he also had plans in Africa, but they were ruined by vile hazard, and M. Drumont is sore. It was M. Drumont and his friends who charged the eccentric but intrepid Marquis de Morès to cut off the English from the Upper Nile! It was a secret mission, and, when the unfortunate Marquis was assassinated in the French Soudan, only the initiated could understand why Drumont and his collaborators should cry at lung-top that he had been killed by the English. It was a cry of conscience.

The coterie that sent Morès to combat the Sirdar with a caravan of French jewellery found too late that the method was superannuated by some four hundred years, and naturally M. Drumont feels that Fate owes it to him to lick the English as a compensation. M. Drumont has not yet persuaded Paris to erect a monument to Morès, but there has just been posed on a house in M. Drumont's electoral district in Algeria a plaque with the following inscription: "This house was in 1894-95 the residence of Antoine de Vallombrosa, Marquis de Morès, assassinated at El-Ouatia,

Canon Rawnsley. Mr. Lyttelton-Gell. Mr. Montefiore (deceased).



Lord Rendel. Sir Alfred Milner. Mr. W. M. Hardinge.

A FAMOUS GROUP OF OLD BALLIOL MEN, SHOWING SIR ALFRED MILNER AS AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

victim of his devotion to France, for whom he projected the conquest of the Nile." It is clear, then, why M. Drumont shouts with joy at an English reverse in Africa. He might have been a ruler on the Nile; he is actually the representative of a little rabble of African Anti-Jews.



A new form of relay, invented and constructed for the Admiralty by Mr. H. W. Sullivan in connection with wireless telegraphic experiments,



"I MUSTN'T LET HER SEE ME ALL AT ONCE."

Photo by Velox, Port Elizabeth.

that separates two vessels which have each other. In cases where the vessels are below the visible horizon, this particular addition to the proved advantages of the instrument ought to be of the utmost importance in future naval warfare.

Congratulations to the management of the Bedford Theatre of Varieties, Camden Town, on having secured, even for a fortnight, the services of that excellent mimic and ventriloquist, Nelson Hardy. By the way, this clever ventriloquist was once a Soldier of the Queen, having been present with the 19th Hussars at the famous Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, for which he received the medal with clasp and the Khedive's star. His picturesque name is due to the fact of his being a great-nephew of the Captain Hardy in whose arms Nelson died.

All the world is talking of the wonderful theatricals—for they really cannot be called in any sense "private theatricals"—which are being organised by the indefatigable Mrs. Arthur Paget on behalf of the sufferers by the war. It will be the first entertainment of the kind which has ever taken place in a leading London theatre, and will largely consist of tableaux vivants, in which all the most beautiful, the most witty, and the most important leaders of Society are to take part. The entertainment will take place in Her Majesty's Theatre, which has been placed by Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at Mrs. Arthur Paget's disposal. Of course, record prices will rule on this unique occasion, and it is said that already nearly a thousand pounds has been offered for one box, while the gallery boys will on this occasion be expected to each give a guinea for the privilege of looking down on the rest of the house, which will probably be quite as interesting as anything on the stage.

At the present time it is gratifying to learn how prominent a part Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has taken in promoting in every way the interests of the American Hospital-ship. She is the head of what may be called the native American Committee, and it is to her that has fallen the not easy task of choosing the nurses and doctors who arrived in London some days ago. Mrs. Reid's own valuable personal present to the *Maene* is a fully equipped ambulance-waggon, which will be used in carrying the wounded from the field-hospitals to the ship; therefore it was both characteristic and graceful of Lady Randolph Churchill to propose that one of the ship's wards should be named the Mrs. Whitelaw Reid Ward.

Mrs. Goldman, who has enrolled herself among the Volunteer Red Cross Nurses, of whom a corps is being organised at the Cape, is a daughter of Lord Peel and a sister of Mrs. Maguire. She and her husband have been in South Africa since the end of last season, and so have shared the dangers of many of their friends in Johannesburg and Kimberley. Many well-known women are going out in the hope of being allowed to help in the nursing, but the authorities do not encourage amateurs, and praiseworthy as is the action of those concerned, this may lead to some disappointment.

initiated in the Navy some time ago, was tried on the *Juno* during the recent Naval Manœuvres in connection with Mr. Marconi's system, and was found in practice to possess distinct and marked advantages over other relays. It is highly sensitive, and, owing to the principle of its construction, it has no residual magnetism to disturb its adjustment, a remarkable advantage over other types of relay. Moreover, it is unaffected by the vibratory and other disturbing influences experienced on steam-vessels in motion. Mr. Sullivan has now introduced, amongst other improvements in his apparatus, a novel and ingenious method of readily ascertaining the distance established communication with

A wedding was celebrated last week in which, I understand, Her Majesty took a keen interest—that of her Physician-in-Ordinary, Sir James Reid, with the Hon. Susan Baring, a Maid of Honour. Sir James has long been a *persona grata* with the Queen, on whom he is generally in attendance. Sir James was created a K.C.B. in 1895, and a baronet in 1897. He has, too, a string of degrees to trail at the end of these honours—M.D., LL.D., M.A., and F.R.C.P. Sir James has been regarded as impervious to the charms of the other sex. But even at the mature age of fifty, man cannot be considered invulnerable.

The bride, a sister of Lord Revelstoke, is but twenty-nine. A lady's age is generally considered an unknown quantity, but in this instance there is no indiscretion in its mention, Burke, who is generally discretion itself in such matters, being unusually communicative. Lord Revelstoke is a member of the historic firm of Baring, and is a Director of the Bank of England. His two other sisters are married respectively to Lord Castlerosse, Lord Kenmare's son and heir, and Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, who was so popular in the House, and who is a half-brother of Lord Spencer, and heir-presumptive to that title. Sir James Reid, by the way, is an Aberdeenshire man, and the son of a well-known medical man.

It would appear that the purchaser of lovely and historic Killarney is not the multi-millionaire and noble philanthropist, Lord Iveagh, but the very wealthy nobleman, Lord Ardilaun, his elder brother. At any rate, if it be a fact that the property has been purchased by a Guinness,

the public may rest satisfied that their interests in what, from an æsthetic point of view, is a national heritage, will be safeguarded, for the members of this rich and liberal Irish family have ever shown themselves regardless of the welfare of the community. There is a peculiar fitness in Lord Ardilaun becoming the possessor of this estate, for his wife's mother, who married the third Earl of Bantry, was a Herbert of Muckross. Lord Ardilaun retired from the great "stout" business a good many years ago—I think, somewhere about 1880—when he was created a peer, leaving his brother, now Lord Iveagh, in possession.

How this great brewery has increased, and how Lord Iveagh's holding in it has grown to be of enormous value, "surpassing the dreams of avarice," as Johnson once said of a similar business, may be arrived at by a glance at the official list of shareholders, and a further one at the price of the various Guinness stocks to-day. Lord Ardilaun, like other members of his family, has been a great benefactor to Dublin, and is a deservedly popular member of the Peerage.

It is a strange coincidence, if the rumours of the two intended

morganatic marriages in the Imperial Austrian Family are well founded, that the two personages who are shortly about to become united with parties of non-royal blood are the present heir to the throne and the widow of the late heir, Crown Prince Rudolph; and stranger still becomes the coincidence when we consider that some years ago it was generally believed that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Crown Prince's widow were betrothed. It is said, and it has not been officially contradicted, that the Archduke is shortly to be married to the Countess Sophie Chotek, a well-known and most charming member of the Austrian aristocracy. The Countess is thirty-one years of age, only a few years the junior of the Prince, and is very popular in Vienna and Bohemia, where her father possesses large estates. Should the marriage take place, the Archduke will not renounce his rights to the throne, but his children will be unable to succeed him.



BOER POLICEMEN AT JOHANNESBURG.

They will shortly be "wanted" to keep the Krugers in order.



COUNTESS SOPHIE CHOTEK.

Photo by Adele, Wien.



Miss Pauline Joran has won a distinguished position as an operatic singer. She was greatly appreciated by the late Sir Augustus Harris, who once told the writer that Miss Joran was one of the most competent of his artists at Covent Garden. She has all-round musical talent, being a



MISS PAULINE JORAN, WHO WILL MARRY THE BARON DE BUSH TO-DAY AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

brilliant violinist as well as a vocalist. I have known her undertake difficult parts in opera at a few hours' notice. Miss Joran will become the wife of Baron de Bush, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to-day at half-past two. After the ceremony, a reception will be held at the Whitehall Rooms. I wish the "happy couple" all possible happiness.

"An Experienced Dramatist" writes: "I read the following lines in an evening paper: 'Now is the time for a capable playwright to make his fortune. Managers, it is said, are literally at their wits' end to know where to get plays, and at least one theatrical season has collapsed for want of a play.' I am always reading statements of this kind, and I confess that they make me smile consumedly. The wares needed by managers are not plays, but ideas, and with these, I am sorry to say, most competent playwrights will not trust them. It is a serious assertion to make, but I will venture to say that nine out of ten writers for the stage would hesitate before entrusting their work to most theatrical directors. It is no consolation to be told that your play is admirable, but, alas, the manager has one on exactly the same lines; or to recognise the essence of your imagination in a drama to which another man's name is attached as author. I dare say that you will think I am exaggerating, but even in my own instance I have seen produced at a first-class London theatre a comedy so like one which I had submitted to the management, that a friend, on reading the *compte-rendu* of the said piece in the papers, wrote to congratulate me on the success of my play. Of course, I had no redress. Mine is but a solitary instance. The fact is, we shall never have good plays until a strong Dramatic Authors' Society is established, one of the first of its rules being, as in France, that no manager shall be eligible for membership, even though he be an author or part-author of a play. Whether such an apparently Utopian association will ever exist depends upon the revival, under strong leadership, of an *esprit de corps* among playwrights which at the present time is as dead as the dodo."

M. Paderewski beat the record of pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall. I never heard the great Polish performer play more brilliantly. His generous conduct, in giving the entire proceeds, nearly £1200, to the Transvaal Fund, will add to his popularity. He had previously realised £600 for the same purpose at Liverpool.

Scotch concerts are to the fore this week, and St. Andrew's Day was celebrated at Queen's Hall, Albert Hall, and elsewhere. The

delightful memories of Auld Scotland attracted immense audiences, and some of the most popular vocalists took part in the concerts.

A most useful little work for amateurs who contemplate dramatic performances during the winter has just been issued by Mrs. Douglas Cox, manageress of the Dramatic Authors' Agency, of 22, Tavistock Street, W.C. It contains all the latest successes, distinctly sets forth the number of male and female characters and acts, scenery required, and the price for each representation, with particulars as to purchase of books and hire of manuscripts.

Mr. Henry Neville, the well-known actor, has many interesting things to tell of Charles Reade. Reade and he were great friends, and the novelist mentions Mr. Neville in two of his books. On one occasion, they spent a fortnight together in Sheffield, whilst the actor was learning to forge a knife, and getting details for the accurate production of Charles Reade's play, "Put Yourself in His Place," at the Adelphi. Reade was a faddist about candles. He wouldn't use gas or lamps. Instead, he used wax candles, a dozen alight at once in a room. It looked like a Catholic wake, or offering to the dead. "We played double-dummy whist every night," adds Mr. Neville. "He loved it. I've got the cards now as souvenirs."

Notwithstanding that the Paris season is now in full swing, there is not an artist of any prominence appearing. Sarah Bernhardt is in Spain, Jane Hading is wandering, Réjane is in Berlin, Yvette Guilbert has an erratic tour in hand, Henri Mayer and Guiterly are filling foreign engagements. There is only Coquelin, in Dumas' old play, "La Dame de Monsorau," to give a semblance to theatrical fashion. "The reason," said one of the best-known managers in Paris, "is this. We are crushed out of existence by that exorbitant tax of eleven per cent. on our gross takings for the poor, to say nothing of the stamp-tax on the bills, which have to be changed day by day. There is not a manager who does not pay more to the Government than he makes himself."

Miss Marion Giroux, now playing Lady Surmises in "The Regenerates," the skit on "The Degenerates" now being played after "El Capitan," at the Comedy Theatre, is the handsome young American actress who created the part of the trusting and charming young wife with whom "Smith Left Home" every evening at the Strand Theatre a few months ago. Miss Giroux has now been on the stage some nine years; but, owing to very severe illness, has not been playing all that time. She has been with the Lyceum stock company in New York, as



MISS MARION GIROUX, NOW PLAYING LADY SURMISES IN "THE REGENERATES," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

well as with Mr. E. H. Sothern, scoring especially in "Splendour"; and she has also played Meg in "Lord Chumley," and then created the leading part of Marion Hast in "My Friend from India," in New York, after which she was secured by the Brothers Broadhurst, and has only just left their management.



### "GOOD THE GUARDS!"

England is proud of her Guards to-day, for once more have they shown that the spirit which animated their forbears on so many a hard-fought battlefield in the past still lives among the present members of the Brigade. When the history of the present Transvaal Campaign eventually comes to be written, it is safe to assert that no finer chapter will be contained therein than that one recording the story of the Battle of Kaffir's Kop on the 23rd ult.

The circumstances that led up to this memorable action were briefly as follows: On the afternoon of the preceding Tuesday, Lord Methuen, at the head of a column of 7000 men, left Orange River Station, with the intention of relieving Kimberley. Near a place called Fincham's Farm, the enemy were first encountered on the following day. The opposition offered, however, was not serious, and the advance of our column was but little impeded.

The storm, however, was about to burst. At daybreak on Nov. 23, the British force, which had been marching all night, arrived at a point about twelve miles to the east of Belmont. Our men, as has been

rounds of shrapnel sent into the Boer line. Failing, however, by this means to dislodge the enemy, the infantry formed up again for the final effort. To the inspiring rolling of the drums, and the shrill, stirring notes of the bugles sounding the "Charge!" the troops dashed forward with a rousing British cheer, and swept the remnant of the Boer force from the kopje. With that last gallant rush of the Guards, the third ridge was cleared, and the Battle of Kaffir's Kop was won.

Thus did Lord Methuen break the power of the Boers on this memorable day, taking some fifty of them (including six Field-Cornets) prisoners, and capturing an immense quantity of ammunition and stores. The price that we paid for this, however, was no light one, for many a gallant Soldier of the Queen is sleeping his last long sleep upon the hillside where, a few hours earlier, he had fought so valiantly for his Sovereign and country. Included among these are Lieutenants Fryer and Blundell, 3rd Grenadiers, and Captain Eagar and Lieutenant Brine, Northumberland Fusiliers. Then, a further 55 of the rank-and-file were killed, and about 140 officers and men wounded. Among these were Lieut.-Colonel Crabbe and Lieutenant Lygon, 3rd Grenadiers; Major the Hon. N. D. Hamilton, 1st Scots Guards; Major Dashwood,

Lieut. W. A. Blundell (killed).



Lieut. F. L. Fryer, adjutant (killed).

Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe (slightly wounded).

COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 3RD GRENADIER GUARDS.

mentioned, numbered about 7000, and consisted of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, the 1st and 2nd Coldstream Guards, the 1st Scots Guards, the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, the 2nd Northamptons, and the 2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. In addition to these, Lord Methuen had the services of some Field Artillery, the 9th Lancers, and a small Naval Brigade. Opposed to them were some 5000 Boers, with a proportion of field-guns, strongly intrenched along three ridges of a range of hills that commanded the Kimberley road. Hence it will be seen that the strategical advantage was decidedly with the enemy.

The battle was opened by a brisk artillery fire from both sides. Our gunners were particularly prompt in "finding the range," and shell after shell was dropped by them with wonderful precision into the centre of the Boer lines. As a result the infantry were enabled to advance at an early stage in the proceedings. Led by the Grenadiers and the Northumberlands, the whole brigade swept up the hillside, with bayonets fixed, in the face of a perfect hail of bullets. So deadly was the fire to which they were exposed, that officers and men were struck down to an extent that had not yet been equalled in the campaign. Nevertheless, the line did not waver for a moment, but pressed eagerly on to the first ridge, from which the enemy, fiercely contesting every inch of the ground, were slowly but surely driven at the point of the bayonet.

In the same gallant manner the second position, upon which the Boers had in the meantime fallen back, was next carried. It was only with considerable loss to ourselves, however, that the kopje was eventually gained. The third ridge yet remained, and it was here that the battle raged fiercest, for the enemy were now rendered well-nigh desperate by their two repulses. Before the infantry advance commenced, the guns of the Naval Brigade were brought into action, and several

Captain Sapte, and Lieutenant Fishbourne, Northumberland Fusiliers; and Lieutenant the Hon. Claude Willoughby, 2nd Coldstream Guards. Of a truth, war is not made in kid-gloves!

### A REMINISCENCE OF MAJUBA.

One has read much in certain papers of the sinfulness of the British soldier in "remembering Majuba" (writes a correspondent), though it was apparently quite justifiable that our Brother Boers should remind the "Rooinek" of it in season and out of season. Now, however, at Eland's Laagte the Gordons have wiped Majuba off the slate, as far as they are concerned, and they actually charged with the cry "Remember Majuba!" Then at Glencoe the old Sixtieth effectually turned the tables, while the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith and Gras Pan did the same. At Gras Pan, too, the 2nd Northamptons (the old 58th Foot) had their opportunity, which they were not slow to seize. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that thus early in the campaign all the regiments which furnished detachments with Sir George Colley at Majuba have had their chance, for it may be remembered that his ill-fated little army of less than five hundred and fifty men was composed of the 2nd Gordons, the 2nd Northamptons, the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, and some sixty or seventy bluejackets. Of this number nearly half were returned as killed, wounded, or missing. The one gleam of brightness that relieved the gloom was the incident which gained Corporal Farmer the Victoria Cross, for when the arm which he held above his head with the white flag over the wounded was shot through, he called out that he had another, and, raising the flag with his unwounded arm, held it aloft till another bullet found its billet.





MISS LOUIE FRÉEAR AS "BOY BOB," ON TOUR IN THE PIECE OF THAT NAME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



"THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Hana. Bedford Street, Strand*



SINGLETON SIKES (MR. THOMAS WISE) AND HENRIETTA OLIVER (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER) STRUGGLE FOR THE INCRIMINATING BLOTTER.



LIEUT. CROSBY (MR. FARREN SOUTAR), ENGAGED-IN-AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION WITH ETHEL BOND (MISS HELEN MACBETH), IS OVERHEARD BY BELMONT STUYVESANT, JUNIOR (MR. SAM SOTHERN).



SINGLETON SIKES MAKES LOVE TO HENRIETTA OLIVER.



## THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## CLEMENT SCOTT'S REMINISCENCES.\*

The stage itself, no less than the theatrical library, is enriched by these two handsome volumes. Mr. Clement Scott, while avoiding "acrimonious controversy," has produced a work which is as highly entertaining as it is valuable as a history. Needless, perhaps, to say, it is full of his individuality—a guarantee that it is not dull—but is a record which every lover of the stage should possess. It can be read with pleasure and profit by the ordinary playgoer and the earnest student alike. It ranges over a wide field, for Mr. Scott, not content with merely relating that which has come within his own personal knowledge, has given a brightly written *résumé* of the English stage during the last fifty years. In the first volume, for instance, three chapters are devoted to the "early 'forties," and highly interesting they are. Sadler's Wells and Samuel Phelps occupy another two, and then comes an admirable survey of the Charles Kean period, the actor's "early struggles," his "success," and his "farewell" heading separate chapters which are of special value. The progress of the drama from the Charles Kean period is told with all Mr. Scott's charm of style, the Robertsonian plays and their author calling forth special eulogium, the first volume ending with the "Reign of the Bancrofts." Let it not, however, be supposed that there is nothing but history—and excellent history it is—in these six hundred-and-odd pages. Mr. Scott devotes a charming chapter to his first play, and "Bohemia in Days of Old" calls forth some delightful memories. Again, "How I became a Critic" and "Early Days as a Dramatic Critic" are mines of entertainment and instruction.

With the second volume we get to more modern times, "Enter Henry Irving," appropriately commencing the history of the drama as most of us have observed it. Mr. Scott's criticisms on several of Sir Henry Irving's impersonations are examples of his best work, and should be studied by some of the young writers of to-day. They have the charm of style, knowledge, thought, and keen insight, and they are in consequence eminently readable.

"Queens of the Stage" gives Mr. Scott an opportunity of discussing the art of Miss Ellen Terry and others; and Mrs. Kendal, of course, calls forth several pages of praise, her acting of Black-Eyed Susan giving Mr. Scott a good excuse for the introduction of much capital material about T. P. Cooke. In "The Lost Art of Pantomime," we return for a space to the past and the days of Grimaldi; and so, with more old memories and some new ones, we reach the comic and lighter stages. Mr. Scott gives

of the younger actors and actresses of to-day. In his best style, too, are the chapters in which he discusses the actor-manager system of England, and the lay-manager system, his opinions being sound and judicious. His last chapter, "L'Envoi," is at once reminiscent and critical. He thus concludes—

My last words have been spoken. I have endeavoured to utter them, the first words and the last, with dignity, with courtesy, and with respect to the art to which I have been passionately attached since childhood; and to the professors of it, most of whom I once counted as my friends. . . . If this humble and unworthy [not at all, "Clem, my boy"] contribution to dramatic literature, if this story of the stage during the most vital moment of its career, has, by recollection, old memories, the recalling of old times, dear friends, never-forgotten faces, given pleasure to those who love the stage as I do, I am content.

That love, that devotion, that chivalry on behalf of all that is beautiful and inspiring, that determination to make it apparent that the heart and soul may be as well cleansed and purified in a theatre as elsewhere, were instincts of childhood. They will abide with me, please God, until I reach those shores of silence, "where beyond these voices there is peace."

Mr. Scott has added to his text an eighty-page appendix, in which he gives a list of the principal plays produced in London from 1830—at which period Genest's monumental history of the English stage ends—down to the autumn of the present year. This, in itself, is a work which has long been wanted. Mr. Scott's list is of great value as it stands, and he has paved the way for a more complete compilation, although there is no important play which is omitted from this extensive record. The labour involved in the preparation of these two large volumes—of nearly twelve hundred pages—must have been enormous, and, in this connection, Mr. Scott acknowledges in his Preface his "best thanks" to his "old friend, Austin Brereton, associated with me in the past but

never-forgotten days of the *Theatre Magazine*, who has given me the fruits of his wide experience and accurate mind in revising the proof-sheets of this book," and in compiling the forty-one column index.

Of the illustrations which enrich the volume, it can only now be said that there are no less than forty-seven pages of them, containing in all one hundred and fifty-seven portraits of celebrities of the past and present theatrical world, some of which, by the courtesy of the publishers, together with Mr. Walter Barnett's capital portrait of the author, I reproduce for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*.

Mr. Scott, as most people in the theatrical world are aware, is at present in New York, living in cosy quarters in the old-fashioned square called Gramercy Park, in which the Players' Club—the best actor's club in the world—is situated. He is writing vigorously in the *New York Herald*, where his signed criticisms frequently appear side by side with the anonymous articles on the same subject by the local critic. One of his most able articles, on the Stage and Society, appeared recently, and attracted much attention. "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day" will certainly increase his already great reputation in his temporary home, for Mr. Scott, it is understood, will return to London in the spring.



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



MISS MARIE LITTON.

an admirable survey of first-night rows in theatres, and, in "More Queens and Coming Kings," he has some words of praise for many



MISS ADA CAVENDISH.

Photo by Adolphe Beau.

\* "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day." By Clement Scott. London and New York: Macmillan and Co., Limited.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The prettiest story in Sir Algernon West's "Recollections" is that of the Princess of Wales and Tennyson. A number of Royal personages, including the Czar and Czarina and the King and Queen of Denmark, were lunching with Mr. Gladstone on board Sir Donald Currie's yacht, and after the meal it was proposed that Tennyson should read something. On his saying that "one man could lead a horse to the water, but ten could not make him drink," the Princess of Wales said, "Oh, but I can!" and led him up to the little smoking-room, where, surrounded by all these Crowned Heads, with his wideawake on his head, he read the "Grandmother."

With all his enthusiasm for Gladstone, Sir Algernon West does not succeed in conveying quite a favourable impression of his chief. Stories like that about Sir William Harcourt's smoking and the ousting of Earl Granville from the Foreign Office would, perhaps, have been better omitted, for they raise a suspicion that Mr. Gladstone, in his relations with his colleagues, was not always too careful to observe the minor courtesies of life.

Mrs. Bishop's new book, "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," appears at rather an awkward moment, but I hope it will not be entirely neglected. It is a record not only of travel, but of incredible toil and suffering. The author penetrated some of the wildest parts of China, and was more than once in imminent danger. Much of the book was written at her London home in Earl's Terrace. When she first returned, Mrs. Bishop talked cheerfully of undertaking yet another journey to the Far East; but during the past year she has suffered much from ill-health, and the project has, in the meantime, been abandoned.

The plain reader is beginning to find the *Speaker* very learned. Latin titles and Greek quotations puzzle him, and, with the best will in the world, he finds some of the classical allusions rather "steep." Life is too short for the average person to disentangle all the hidden meaning of such sentences as this—

The tallest ears in Thrasybulus' cornfield, the proudest poppies in Tarquin's garden, were, to use the metaphor of Prospero, "trashed for overtopping," and so *inter silvas Academi*, some men stand out conspicuous to the backward glance of memory above the haze which shrouds the lower levels of the generations past, claiming to be "taken off" in milder sense than by the enigmatic cruelty of the Grecian or Etruscan tyrant.

The best criticism of Sir John Millais' Life was that in the *Outlook*. Does not the following passage exactly sum up the truth about Millais' art?—

In looking at a portrait by Rembrandt, one feels that here is a human being poised between two eternities—one who has come naked from out the dark; one who will presently disappear again. The two mysteries are always suggested, the past and future are never disassociated from the present in the older Master,

It would seem that Millais was too happy to see so far, too little of a solitary, too little neglected. . . . He went so far down the road, and no further. He came back with many precious things, but the ultimate fire was never his.

It will be learned with considerable surprise that the alliance between the McClure Doubleday Company in New York and the company of Harper and Brothers has been abruptly dissolved. Mr. S. S. McClure has had a striking career. He began as an agent for the supply of "copy" to American newspapers, and was very successful in this capacity. He was peculiarly quick to appreciate rising genius, and was almost the first man in America to get hold of Stevenson and Kipling. In fact, Mr. McClure may be considered the original of Jim Pinkerton, one of the most attractive and picturesque characters in Stevenson's novel, "The Wreckers." By-and-by Mr. McClure was emboldened to attempt a ten-cent magazine under the title *McClure's Magazine*. It began at a very difficult time, when there was much business depression in America, and but for Mr. McClure's pluck, and the loyalty of those who worked with him, it must certainly have died. It is no secret that, when the resources of the proprietors were nearly exhausted, an opportune investment by the late Professor Henry Drummond proved the turning-point in the fight. Since then the magazine has gone on by leaps and bounds, and is now a property of great value. It is much to Mr. McClure's credit that the literary tone has been admirably maintained, and he has succeeded in giving the publication a note of its own. Recently Mr. McClure commenced book-publishing, being reinforced by Mr. Doubleday. Mr.

Doubleday was a young man of brilliant ideas, and had occupied a leading position in the establishment of Messrs. Scribner.

The publishing business has been very successful, and Mr. Kipling's books are now mainly in the hands of the firm. Their ambition, however, was not satisfied, and it was proposed to amalgamate the old and famous business of the Harpers. An American financier was to find whatever funds were necessary, and for some six months the experiment has been tried, not to the full extent, but to a large degree. Great changes have been made in Messrs. Harper's publications and in the editorial staff, and some of the brightest editors and journalists in America have been engaged. Now all is over, for what reason it is difficult precisely to say. In America the view seems to be that the financier was not satisfied with the results, but on this nothing can be said with authority. In any case, the Harper and Brothers' business will go on separately, the only difference being that Mr. Harvey, the proprietor and editor of the *North American Review*, will become president of the company, and has made a large investment therein. I fancy English authors will be somewhat disappointed, as American publishers have recently been more anxious to secure English books than they were some time ago. I have no doubt, however, that the McClure Company will go on to fulfil their projects under the guidance of men like Mr. McClure, Mr. Doubleday, and others who might be named. o. o.



MRS. BANCROFT AS LADY TEAZLE.  
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MISS PATTIE OLIVER.  
Photo by Adolphe Beau.



MISS HEATH (MRS. WILSON BARRETT).  
Photo by Adolphe Beau.



MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.  
("I couldn't help it," By John Oxenford.)



MISS STELLA COLAS.  
Photo by Adolphe Beau.

The Photographs on this and the preceding page are reproduced from "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," by Clement Scott (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.).

## A CONVALESCENT HOME FOR THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR" NEAR CAPE TOWN.

PROVIDED BY SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.

The exigencies of the Boer War have produced a remarkable activity in philanthropic resource. It is not only that funds have been collected to aid refugees and to maintain the wives (too often the widows) and the children of our military and naval rank-and-file, but all manner of comforts and commodities have been subscribed for to solace the men who are away fighting their country's battles. Almost every individual of the community has generously bestirred himself, one in one direction, and one in another, to render help in the manner felt by him to be the most necessary and the most beneficial within his power. Doubtless it was this feeling which actuated Sir James Sivewright when he generously put the use of his South African estates near Cape Town at the service of the Government, for the accommodation of as many convalescent officers and men in the various houses and outbuildings as could be lodged during the war. It is needless to say that the Government gladly accepted this timely and munificent offer.

one of the earliest of the Dutch Governors. Seaman's Hope will be relegated to the use of the Medical Staff; while Vergelegen, with its numerous outbuildings, will accommodate close on two hundred invalids among the rank-and file. One of the many great advantages attaching to these homes, or Camp of Rest, is that they are but a short distance from the railway station of Somerset West, which is only thirty miles from Cape Town. By the time Miss Cumming Page, Sir James Sivewright's sister-in-law, who is accompanied by Miss Calverley and Miss Smith, of the Army Nursing Reserve, reaches Cape Town (she left London by the *Norham Castle*, of Sir Donald Currie's line), the homes will be in practical working order and ready to receive their convalescent inmates.

But this philanthropic effort on the part of Sir James Sivewright does not stand alone. He has two strings to his bow. He has equipped a Medical Corps in aid of the sick and wounded in the

L. Fourie.

Mrs. Bamford. D. Luther.

C. T. Möller.

W. W. Hauman. J. P. Du Toit.

Mrs. Gray.

G. H. Vanzyl.



A. Johnson.

Dr. Neethling.

Sir James Sivewright. Lady Sivewright.

Dr. Gray.

F. L. Schoeman.

SIR JAMES AND LADY SIVEWRIGHT AND HIS MEDICAL STAFF FOR THE BOER WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

These estates, comprising in all some twelve thousand acres, are situated in Hottentot Holland, a district first chosen by the early Dutch settlers for the purposes of colonisation from its great natural beauty and fertility of soil. To-day the whole district presents undulating country covered with vines and orange- and lemon-orchards, interspersed with park-like stretches in which oaks and camphor-trees play no small part, while in the distance a range of lofty mountains frames in this delightful panorama. Louresford, which is especially a paradise of tropical and European vegetation, possesses a quaint, many-gabled, yet one-storeyed manse-like mansion, with a deep verandah of dark wood cut by a former and eccentric proprietor into a number of sheltered cells for the purpose of devotional contemplation. This property and another—Oakwood, which is adjoining—are now completely furnished and fitted up for the accommodation of at least forty convalescent officers, and, if space permit, some non-commissioned officers and privates will also be lodged here.

The other estates are Seaman's Hope and Vergelegen, the latter being the historic residence of the famous William Adriaan Van der Stell;

present war, irrespective of creed, colour, or nationality. It comprises about a score of the members of the South African Students' Union in Edinburgh, of which Sir James has been President for the last five years, having had as predecessors in the office Mr. Cecil Rhodes and President Kruger. There are two detachments, one being headed by Dr. Neethling (late house-surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, Aberdeen), and the other by Dr. Gray, also of the Royal Infirmary, while a lady nurse accompanies. With the permission and under instructions from the War Office, these two bands of devoted medical-men will, on their arrival (they left Aberdeen on the 15th ult.), report themselves to the Senior Officer Commanding in Cape Town, and make their way to the Boer lines by whatever route he may direct. The idea of going to the assistance of their fellow-countrymen, who are notoriously very ill-provided with surgical skill and necessary medicaments, originated with the students, but the object of their desire could not have been carried out but for the munificent assistance of Sir James Sivewright and the humane permission of our War Office authorities to pass through our lines en route to Pretoria.



SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT'S GENEROUS OFFER TO THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

*From Photographs by Duffus Brothers, Cape Town.*



A SOUTH AFRICAN'S PARADISE: THE MAIN DRIVE AT LOURESFORD, INTENDED FOR THE CONVALESCENT TOMMY'S PARADE.



SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT'S SEAT, LOURESFORD, WHERE THE WOUNDED TOMMY WILL BE NURSED.



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS YAN HOW, THE MUCH-MARRIED CHINAMAN,  
IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.





THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES," AT THE GARRICK.

*At the 100th performance the talented and patriotic actress presented to every member of the audience a satin souvenir of Mr. Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar." Twelve hundred and fifty were thus given away. This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## THE SUBTLE ART OF THE CALICO-PRINTER

We have it on the respectable authority of Pliny ("and Pliny was an honourable man") that the art of calico-printing was known and practised in Egypt in the first century, its place of origin having apparently been India.

Somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century we find that calico-printing became known to Europe, the Dutch East-India Company doubtless carrying its secrets to the Low Countries. The art is next heard of in this country, the year 1676 witnessing its introduction to the vicinity of the Metropolis; and about 1738 it seems to have taken firm root in and around Glasgow. The date of the introduction of calico-printing into its chief centre, Lancashire, is believed to be 1764; and, according to the late Mr. Benjamin Hargreaves, a calico-printer of note, the industry was first practised in that part of the kingdom by Messrs. Clayton, of Bamber Bridge, near Preston. The father of the "great" Sir Robert Peel started calico-printing in the north-eastern part of Lancashire about the year 1770; and it may not be uninteresting to point out that Messrs. Peel's works were first at Brookside, a village near Blackburn, and later at Church, close to Brookside. About the same time the Peels began printing on an extensive scale at Sawley, near Clitheroe, at Burnley, and at Foxhill Bank, near Church. Offshoots of Church were the print works at Sabden and Primrose, near Clitheroe; Sunnyside, Oakenshaw; and Broad Oak, near Accrington. Until the "thirties," printing in this country was mainly confined to cotton fabrics. The French were the first to print on *mousselin de laine*, or a mixture-cloth of wool and cotton, and about 1836 this branch of the business spread to England. The first practical printing-machine using copper rollers and "doctors" (that is, blades) for scraping off surplus colour was probably that of Thomas Bell, under a patent dated July 17, 1783. This machine was first put to work at Preston, at the works of Livesey, Hargreaves, and Co., in 1785. Whether, however, it was a practical success may reasonably be doubted. Probably the introduction of machine-printing in this country as a practical industrial art dates from the beginning of this century—say, about 1815.

It will give some idea of the extent of the English and Scotch calico-printing industry if we state that its products are to be seen in almost every drapery-shop and bazaar in the world. It is an education to glance through the scores of bulky pattern-books ranged in many rows in the warehouse of each firm, and to note the various classes of goods demanded by each "market." India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, South America, Egypt, Africa, Java, and other countries, all require different styles; but the designers are equal to the demands on their inventive powers, with the result that the combinations of colour and form are numbered by thousands. What appeals to the æsthetic taste of the Japanese would be caviare to the subjects of the Shah; and the ladies of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video might view askance the fabrics which command a ready sale in India and China.

The term "calico-printing" conveys to the general public a totally inadequate idea of the vast scope of the business. Calico-printing includes all kinds of printed cotton fabrics—lawns, muslins, sateens, brocades, and flannelettes. Then there are cretonnes, chintzes, and fancy prints (usually, and of course, since the Germanisation of Alsace, the seat of the industry, quite erroneously, spoken of as "French prints"); nor must we forget those "mercised" fabrics which, although of cotton, very closely resemble silk. This extensive industry is located mainly in the neighbourhood of Manchester and the vicinity of Glasgow. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every man, woman, boy, and girl throughout the world is, in a greater or lesser degree, indebted to the calico-printer either for some article of wearing apparel or some adornment of the home. Where do all those smart dresses and fascinating blouses come from if not from these calico-printing manufactories in Lancashire and Scotland? From the same source come coloured shirtings, for use alike by prince and peasant, the neat print dresses of our domestics, and even the cotton pocket-handkerchiefs which are turned out by the million. In the East, men are largely dependent on the calico-printer for their clothing. We look around our houses only to find that the window-blinds and the muslin curtains, the eiderdown quilts, and the gay chintzes which cover our furniture have a common origin—those huge factories which nestle in the lovely valleys of the North, unseen and unthought of by the great world, the bulk of whose denizens are dependent upon the busy toilers for so many of the luxurious adornments and comforts, and what have even become the necessities, of life.

To cross the threshold of one of these hives of industry is to realise the importance of the calico-printer as one of the world's universal providers—perhaps the one who is most essential to most people's happiness and comfort. The interiors of these manufactories excite our admiring wonder, and as we make a tour through the various departments, and note the endless processes undergone by what is technically known as the "cloth" before it is fit to adorn our figures and homes, it is easy to recognise both the vast extent of the trade and the enormous amount of the capital invested in it. Look at those rows of machines panting and throbbing as they impress miles of fabric with beautiful and multicoloured designs! Glance at the massive copper rollers whereon are engraved the patterns.

Observe that room after room—some of them larger than many churches and chapels we wot of—contains machinery for its own special purpose; here for bleaching, drying, steaming, and stentering (namely, stretching) the cloth—there for removing the nap, or loose

threads, from the fabric before it is fit to print upon; for giving a silk-like sheen to it, for measuring it yard by yard, and even for folding it on flat boards or winding it round rollers, before despatching it on its way up and down the world. There are the engraving-rooms to enter before the visitor has completed his perambulation of one of these palaces of human industry, of which we are proud in proportion as our knowledge of them increases. In these rooms a monastic silence prevails—you might almost fancy yourself in one of the corridors or cells of the Grande Chartreuse, where closely hooded figures glide noiselessly past you, never exchanging word or greeting with inmate or guest. The designs are engraved on the copper rollers in various ways—all too technical to warrant even the briefest description here. The task of perpetuating these designs for the best class of production, namely, chintzes, sateens, and muslins, calls for as much skill as is bestowed upon line engravings of the works of famous artists.

It will be gathered from the preceding observations that a vast amount of capital must necessarily be employed in this important industry—many millions, to put it roughly. This is a fact which needs no driving home, for you can learn from the Board of Trade Returns that, during the last five years, the quantity of printed cottons exported by our British calico-printers amounted, on an average, every year to not less than 97,000,000 yards, valued at £10,444,000! I think this is what is known in School Board phraseology as "an object-lesson." To put it in another way—the titbits-journalism, or homely way—I am told by those "in the know" that every year there is exported from these Lancashire and Scottish works a length of printed calico which would suffice to go all round the world more than twenty times! And then there is the enormous home-trade.

Here are two or three more "bits" which may prove interesting to those who have a taste for figures. The coal burnt annually at the works is said to total up to half-a-million tons. From 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons of water are used daily. At least 20,000 workpeople are employed. Rollers made, as a rule, of solid copper are used for impressing the colours upon the fabric, and, as they are very thick and of great weight, we can readily believe that the capital invested in this item alone probably amounts to between £750,000 and £1,000,000.

The chemicals used in calico-printing are numerous and costly, and some of them are sufficiently curious to say a word or two about. Castor-oil, that old familiar friend of our childhood, has actually proved to be a very powerful agent in the fixing and brightening of various colours, and there are individual firms which use as much as a hundred tons of it annually. Only think of it—a hundred tons of castor-oil! Enough to dose all the little boys and girls, both "Liberal and Conservative," in the kingdom! Then there is olive-oil—large quantities of this are also used; as to acetic acid (the "hard" name for white vinegar), thousands and thousands of tons are required every year in the calico-printing works.

I should be afraid to estimate the amount of capital locked up in the calico-printing machines, but it must be tremendous. You will see what they are like on the opposite page. These machines—huge things they are—I thought the principal feature of a calico-printing works. At one place I saw forty of these monsters in a row, some of them being driven by electricity. Truly an imposing sight! At another, and even a larger works, they have as many as seventy machines! Think what the initial expense must have been. The calico-printer can do what the letterpress and lithographic printer has yet to accomplish—he prints several colours at a time.

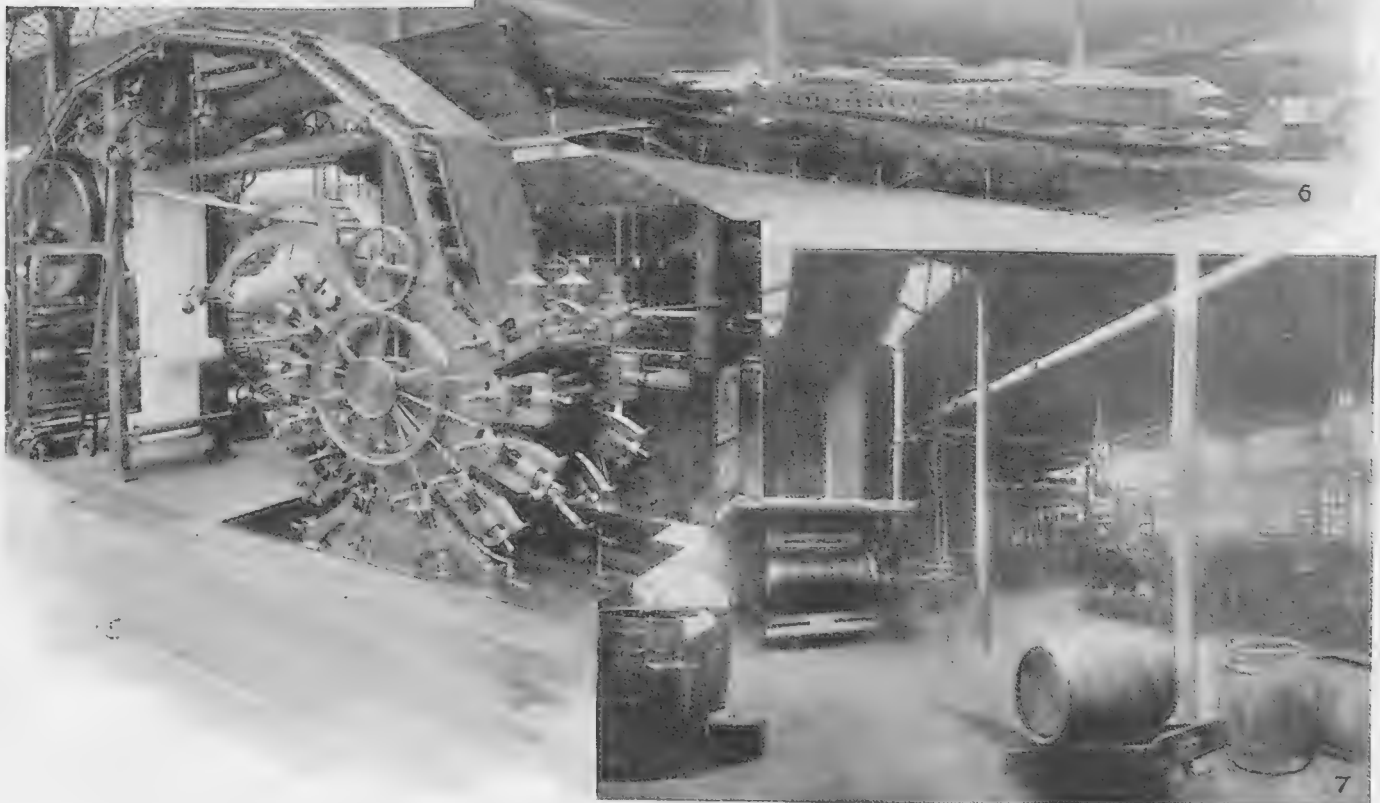
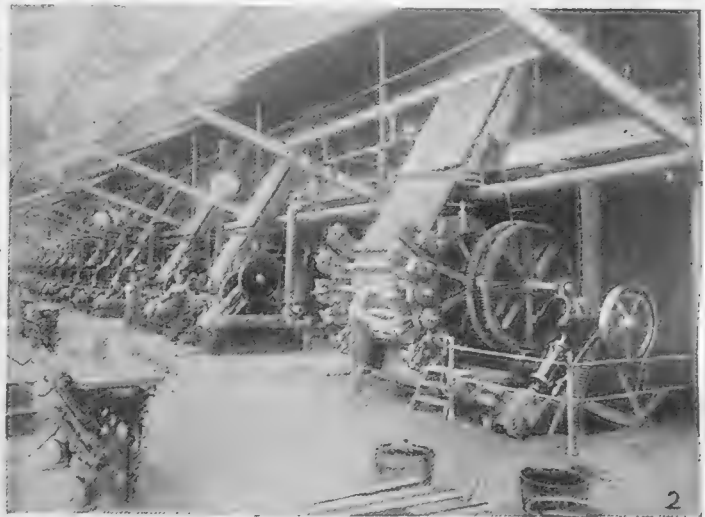
When you visit one of these great works for the first time, I advise you to be careful in moving about, or you may find yourself sitting in one of the numerous pans of colours which abound in the department sacred thereto. And what a variety of colours! You need have had an art-training to appreciate them; but now that you have read of the chemicals and the colours which are all called into requisition by the calico-printer you will understand the numerous ramifications of the business, and realise its complexities.

In the majority of cases, the fabric—the "cloth"—is received by the calico-printers from the mills in its unbleached state; "in the grey," as it is called. Certain firms, however, buy the raw cotton and put it through all the processes of spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, printing, embossing, and mercerising, plus the numerous washings, steamings, and dryings which all the cotton fabrics undergo. Embossing is perhaps only done by one or two firms; its object is to add an extra attraction to the material, more especially to linings and dyed sateens. This process is alternatively known as electric finishing, and it is even claimed for it by some that cotton goods so treated—and it may be added that any pattern can be embossed on the "cloth"—have a more silk-like appearance than those which are mercerised. At one very extensive Lancashire works they have been turning out khaki for the use of our troops in South Africa, this enterprising firm both making and dyeing the cloth. Velvet-printing, too, is done here, and linings are a special feature.

It will hardly be "news" to the readers of *The Sketch* that something like nine-tenths of the English and Scottish firms have resolved upon amalgamating, under the title of the Calico-Printers' Association, which will be introduced to the public very shortly, with a share capital of £6,000,000, and power to issue mortgage debenture stock to a considerable amount. Those concerned did well to avail themselves of the services of the Manchester and London firms of accountants of which Mr. Ernest Crewdson is a prominent member, for the difficult task of organising this greatest of all great trade combinations has been completed by him most successfully.



THE ART OF BRITISH CALICO PRINTING.



1. INTERIOR OF BLEACHING DEPARTMENT. 2. IN A CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE-ROOM. 3. A ONE-COLOUR CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE FOR SHIRTING STYLES, DRIVEN BY ELECTRIC MOTOR. 4. CALICO-PRINTING MACHINES DRIVEN BY ELECTRIC MOTOR. 5. TEN-COLOUR CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE. 6. EXTERIOR VIEW OF A CALICO-PRINTING WORKS. 7. SOAP HOUSE.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

There are signs of a coming unpleasantness, if not very soon, yet in the near future, with France. No important cause of conflict exists between the nations; Fashoda is a closed book to the Governments, if not to the peoples, and other matters over which there is, or can be, friction have not even become of acute importance. Nothing could be more correct than the attitude of the French Government towards England; nothing more virulently and malignantly hostile than the tone of Paris and other newspapers. Neither the one nor the other represents the real national feeling; but it is to be feared that many more Frenchmen approve of the violent language of the Press than wish to remain at peace. The situation is not pleasant; when one nation makes it its business to call another names, war is always more or less distinctly on the horizon.

We are used to Continental disapproval and censure. We thrive under it, as Joseph of Birmingham thrives under the vituperation of his enemies. That the outbreak of the South African War and the dubious success of its early days would give the Continental censor his opportunity for disparaging criticism was necessary. That any disasters on our part would awaken malicious joy among Continental nations was also inevitable. We are too rich to be loved, even if we were otherwise amiable, which is not the case. Especially with France have we been involved in difficulties of late. The Fashoda dispute was only the acute form of the prevailing uneasiness.

But the present outburst is far more virulent than anything of the Fashoda period or of the Dreyfus case. It seems as if hatred of England had become a monomania in some of the writers of the French Press. The vile caricatures of the Queen (who, as a constitutional ruler, is not responsible for British policy, and, as a woman, should be free from insult) give a glimpse into a *Cloaca Maxima* of obscene hatred that ought to be shocking to any healthy-minded animal. To judge by the pictures and letterpress of some French papers, the average Englishman must be a happy compound of Nero, Judas, and Ananias. And the mere fact of reigning over such monsters of wickedness is held to take away from our Queen all the right to courtesy that her age, sex, and position can give her.

It would seem that not even the better class of educated Frenchmen appreciates our feeling for our Sovereign. She has no direct power over us; her will acts by indirect influence. But she is the representative and embodiment of empire and of glory. We know how the most debased Frenchman in melodrama has one soft corner in his heart for "ma mère." The Queen is our national mother, and insult to her is insult to all her sons.

Frenchmen probably do not see the enormous difference between attacks on the Queen and on any other part of the British polity. In their own past history their chivalry has never prevented them from attacking any female enemy with all their resources of invective and insult. We know with what malignity Marie Antoinette was pursued, from the altar to the guillotine; we know how the women of the Revolution suffered. France has not been happy in her women of note, nor have the women been happy in France.

It may be that the worst of the attacks on England are not meant for England at all. It suits the "patriotard" papers to represent the present French Ministry as craven cowards, truckling to England and lending themselves to her nefarious designs. It suits them to urge the public mind towards a war with England, a war likely to cause much distress everywhere, and to have little decisive result. "Box it about, it will come to my father," was the Jacobite motto; and this is the secret of the clamour of the enemies of the Republic for an attack on England, in which their beloved Generals could bear little part. But just as some of our Little Englanders rejoice over a British reverse, not a few French reactionaries would see their coasts blockaded and their colonies lost, that their present Government might be overthrown.

That we are not loved in France is no secret to us, though the extent and depth of French hatred for us is somewhat of a surprise. But in newspaper articles and caricatures begins, and will end, the French attack on us. Russia is bitterly short of capital, and her new promising industries are trembling on the critical verge of success. Germany—well, the world knows where *her* monarch has been. Austria has all the hostility she wants within her own borders. The Dutch Mountaineers and the Swiss Navy may be called out against us, but we need not tremble. And in France, if we can have personal insults to the Queen put down, the patriots may talk themselves black in the face.

Fables are the fashion nowadays. Shall I give one?—

## THE RICH MAN AND THE GUTTERSNIPE.

A Guttersnipe sold illustrated papers, and a Rich Man bought them. They were not very proper, but they were funny. But one day the Guttersnipe said to the Rich Man, "You are a coward, a thief, and a liar. I intend shortly to take your property; but, meanwhile, here is a filthy picture of your mother." Then the Rich Man punched the Guttersnipe's head. And the Guttersnipe wept, and called aloud, "See how he envies me my moral superiority!"

## ESQUIMAUX IN LONDON.

## A SETTLEMENT AT OLYMPIA.

For the first time in history, London is sheltering a collection of Esquimaux—the genuine article, from far north Labrador. Judged from our standpoint, these travellers from the mystic land of ice are not particularly good-looking, but they are certainly good-hearted. They are charming little people, and the more one knows them the more one feels attached to them. Our quaint visitors number about forty, and have been imported by Mr. R. G. Taber, an American journalist, who has spent seven years among the Esquimaux. The party, together with nearly fifty tons of curios, will be found housed at Olympia, West Kensington, and forms part of Mr. E. Cleary's enormous show which opened last Saturday.

A portion of the Palmarium at Olympia is occupied by the Esquimaux settlement, and the remainder is taken up by the kraals of the Zulus, Senegalese, and Soudanese. Thus the public, during the Christmas holidays, will be able to study, side by side, the men and manners of the tropical and arctic regions. There is nothing theatrical or artificial about the Esquimaux Village—men, women, children, dogs, sledges, huts, clothing, and even the little stone grave, are the real things brought direct from their native land.

On the 20th of last August Mr. Taber left Newfoundland in a chartered steamer to collect his people and cargo. This, said the explorer to a representative of *The Sketch*, was not the light task it sounds.

"We saw several enormous icebergs, but, fortunately, were not troubled with floe-ice. The greatest trouble was in getting the goods aboard, as this had to be done by manual labour alone. I have brought with me barrels of seal-oil, seal and other skins, dried seal and reindeer meat, dried capelin fish (for my people to eat as reminders of home), three sledges, two teams of seven dogs each, a white bear, a whalebone and moss hut (called an, "igloo," or winter-house), five topeks (or summer-huts), a complete grave, household utensils, five hundred pounds' weight of walrus tusks, five kayaks (skin canoes), complete sets of floats, harpoons, and hunting paraphernalia, together with several tons of labradorite. This beautiful stone is really a black opal, and up to recently had been found only in small crystals. I have discovered several large deposits, and have brought with me the biggest slab ever quarried. This piece alone weighs two tons."

"Where did you pick your Esquimaux up?"

"The people and goods I brought from the northern limit of Labrador, the sub-peninsula embraced between Nachvak, Ungava, and Siglick. The forty people represent the tribes of Kikkertacksoaks (literal translation, 'Big Islanders'), Napoktulegatsuks ('Plenty of moss and very little firewood'), and Ukasiksaliks ('The soft stone that is one's friend'). These Esquimaux are subjects of the Queen, and probably the only race which bowed to British rule without a murmur. That they are peaceful, upright, and industrious is proved by the fact that no civilised code of justice has been established among them. The full-blooded Esquimaux is becoming very scarce, and I should estimate the total number to be between twelve and fifteen hundred. If tradition be true, vast hordes of North American Indians invaded Labrador about a hundred years ago and killed seventy thousand of the unoffending inhabitants."

"As you see, the Esquimaux is small of stature, though powerfully built. The average height of a man is five feet, with a chest measurement of forty inches, while the women are usually but four feet tall. This man," said Mr. Taber, pointing to a strapping fellow, "is the tallest Esquimaux alive. He stands five feet six inches; that is, four inches taller than any other of his race. He is called Tapikapinnik; that is, 'The one who can lift a mountain.' Despite his size and strength, he is a hen-pecked husband. By the way, such a thing as ill-treating a wife or child is unknown in Labrador. The recognised leader of my party is Moutoujek; his father was a tribal chief and a hunter famous in the annals of the Hudson Bay Company. To be good-natured is characteristic of the Esquimaux, but this man is especially sweet-tempered," said Mr. Taber, pointing out a little chap with a beaming face beneath his coarse black locks. "His name signifies 'Bearer of the Sun's Face,' and, when I showed him some photographs of stage-beauties, he jumped at the idea of coming to England. Kotalik, the man attending to the sledge yonder, is the best carver of ivory I ever met. Whilst at Olympia, the Esquimaux will be fully employed in their customary vocations, and we intend to have sledge-races, and perhaps kayaka-races on the water in the arena."

I visited the dogs' quarters, and found them exceptionally good-tempered with human beings, but they possess the European dog's love of a "scrap" among themselves. When peace had been restored, Mr. Taber said: "These animals are the only beasts of burden the Esquimaux know; a good team of full-grown dogs, running on well-crust snow, will carry a sledge ninety miles a day easily, thus allowing the people to lead a nomadic life and to visit the distant Hudson Bay Company's posts to barter skins and ivory for tobacco, powder, shot, molasses, blankets, wood, and ship's biscuit. They like ship's biscuit, but they can do without it, as the country abounds with delicious berries which serve as bread. The Esquimaux reverences the seal, for it provides him with food, clothing, light, and heat."

"When did you sail for this country, Mr. Taber?"

"On Sept. 20 last, from the Hudson Bay Company's port at Davis Inlet. After a twenty-four days' run we reached London in safety. My people have settled down comfortably, have been medically examined, and are delighted to meet the British public."



ESQUIMAUX IN LONDON.

*From Copyright Photographs by Taber.*



THE ELDER OF THE TRIBE AND HIS TWO WIVES.



A NATIVE OF LABRADOR.



HAULING SEALS OVER THE ICE IN JULY.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE SCARLET DOMINO.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM AND A. LUELLYN.

The neglect to which the eggs and bacon were being subjected was not improving them. However, the two persons who should have been engaged in their consumption were in no mood to pay much attention to such trivial matters. The fact was, Mr. and Mrs. Heriot were indulging in the, for them, rare luxury of a disagreement, and, as a result, the domestic atmosphere of the pleasant Pont Street breakfast-room was considerably strained.

If Phyllis Heriot was cross, her husband was undisguisedly angry. He was not a man who easily bore having his wishes disputed, and this morning Phyllis had opposed them very much indeed. Accordingly, he had intrenched himself behind the *Times*, in the contents of which he was feigning an engrossing interest.

As his wife watched him from her end of the table, a little smile of amusement presently lighted up her face. Reaching forward in her chair, she touched the man softly on his elbow.

"Don't try and read the paper upside down any longer, Arthur," she remarked quietly. "I want you to talk to me instead."

"Very well, my dear," returned Mr. Heriot; "I shall be charmed—provided, of course, that you've got all that nonsense you began your breakfast with out of your head."

"Meaning my going to the Covent Garden Ball to-night?"

"Precisely."

Phyllis pursed up her mouth, as if about to make a retort that should be more pointed than polite. Apparently, however, she thought better of it, for, suddenly altering her manner, she permitted her face to reassume its accustomed expression of charm.

"Arthur, dear," she said coaxingly, "don't let us quarrel over such a trifle any longer. I'm sure you can't be serious in refusing to let me go with you to-night. I should so enjoy dancing with you in your beautiful scarlet domino! Besides," she added, with a little touch of *naïveté*, "a wife's place is beside her husband, you know."

"Yes, my dear girl," answered the other lightly; "but not when his place is at a Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball. No, no, little woman; in this instance your place is at home. A Covent Garden hop is no atmosphere for any pretty woman under seventy-five."

"Then why should you go, Arthur?" demanded Phyllis promptly.

"Why, because I'm a man, and—"

"And what is legitimate amusement for a man is impropriety for a woman," Mrs. Heriot broke in sharply.

"I suppose you think that's rather funny, Phyllis; but I think it's merely rude," returned her husband irritably. "Now, I think we've discussed the question sufficiently. I bought my ticket a month ago, and I don't see why I should waste it to suit a childish whim of yours. However, let's drop the subject. Give me a kiss, dear, and say 'good-bye,' because I shan't see you again until breakfast-time to-morrow morning. I shall dine at the Club and dress at the office afterwards, as it's too far to come back here. Clarkson's people have been told to send the domino to my chambers in the Temple, so all arrangements are made."

Mrs. Heriot smiled enigmatically to herself as, a few minutes later, she watched her husband get into his hansom and drive off to his day's work at the Law Courts.

Although she kissed her hand to him readily enough, in answer to his parting salutation an expression of annoyance crept again into her face as soon as she turned away from the window.

"How absurdly easy it is to see through men!" she reflected. "Of course, Arthur has an assignation to-night with some horrid, scheming woman. However, I'm not going to be hoodwinked by his excuses, and so—whether he likes it or not—I will go to Covent Garden to-night and keep a look-out for the scarlet domino."

So saying, she seated herself at her desk and rapidly wrote a couple of letters. One was directed to a Bond Street Library and the other to a theatrical costumier in Wellington Street.

It was a very charming reflection that her cheval-glass gave back to Mrs. Heriot at twelve o'clock that night. The costume she was wearing was one of black and silver, and her mask and domino were of the same combination of shades. A bunch of Neapolitan violets fastened to her right shoulder formed a touch of colour that contrasted well with the more sombre hue of her outer garments.

"I really think I do look rather nice," she murmured contentedly, as she drove to the Opera House. "At any rate, much nicer than any woman whom Arthur can have arranged to dance with instead of me."

When, presently, she entered the ball-room and mingled with the laughing crowd of merry-makers, she rather repented of her hastily formed resolution. She neither knew nor was known by any of the throng of dancers around her, and consequently soon came to the decision that the proceedings were not very entertaining, so far as she was concerned. Then the anxiously expected scarlet domino unaccountably failed her, and, although a glimpse of red in the costume of some of the revellers from time to time made her heart beat faster, it was, on investigation, always to prove the property of a stranger.

At last, however, her eyes, strained with watching, caught sight of a scarlet-clad figure leaning against a pillar a little distance from her. With a little gasp of triumph, Phyllis recognised in it her husband's

form. Now was the time, she reflected grimly, to test the truth of her theories respecting his allegiance to herself. Accordingly, she made her way through the intervening crowd, until at last she stood close to the form she sought. His back was turned towards her, however, and consequently it became necessary to attract his attention. Quickly dividing her violets, she thrust a bunch against the man's mask, and, with a light laugh, stepped hastily back behind the pillar. Naturally, she was promptly followed, and a detaining hand laid on her arm—

"You're an enterprising young lady," laughed the red-robed individual lightly, "and, if you fail to make your way in the world, it won't be because you're of too retiring a disposition. However, I like 'em your way best, I think, and you and I will probably get along very well with one another."

"Are you sure you're not expecting anyone with better claims upon you—your wife, for instance?" demanded Phyllis archly.

"Oh, hang it all, my dear girl!" returned the other, "you don't expect a fellow to bring his wife to a Covent Garden Ball, do you? Why, it's like taking a ham-sandwich to a Mansion House Banquet."

"No," thought Mrs. Heriot to herself; "you leave her behind in Pont Street." Aloud, however, she merely remarked, "I daresay you're not far wrong. Wives have a trying way of thinking themselves entitled to the whole of their husbands' society."

The Scarlet Domino laughed good-humouredly.

"You're a funny little woman," he returned, "and I wish you'd take your mask off for a moment. A face that can think such thoughts must be rather interesting."

"The disillusion might be disastrous," answered Phyllis, with a fascinating shrug of her shoulders. "Let us go and sit down somewhere, though," she added, slipping her soft hand upon the man's wrist. "I'm tired of standing."

They had wandered into one of the corridors, and the door of a vacant box stood invitingly open. Without a word, her companion paused on the threshold, and, guiding the other within the shadow, quickly closed the door. Then, placing his arms around the girl's slim figure, he drew her sharply towards him, and, raising the lower corner of her mask, showered half-a-dozen burning kisses upon the ripe red lips that were so temptingly revealed.

As his hot breath fanned her cheek, and his passionate kisses were being rained down upon her, Phyllis felt for the moment that her husband's allegiance to herself had not really wavered after all. Then a sudden revulsion of thought swept over her, and she realised that her companion's embraces were offered in ignorance of her identity. White and trembling, she pushed the man away, and sprang to the door again.

"Let me go!" she cried, fearing for her self-control. "I ought to have been home long ago."

"Very well, my little Cinderella," answered the Scarlet Domino good-humouredly. "To our next merry meeting, then. May it be soon!"

"Perhaps sooner than you think," returned the other with a hard little laugh. Then she turned and made her way rapidly to the vestibule, fearful of pursuit.

It was with mingled feelings of rage and despair that Mrs. Heriot drove back through the hushed and deserted thoroughfares to the Pont Street maisonnette. How to meet her husband she scarcely knew, but wild thoughts of instituting proceedings for a separation against him coursed through her brain as she lay back in the corner of her hansom. Half-formed resolves to leave him immediately arose, only to be dismissed in favour of waiting until the morrow should give her an opportunity of taxing him with his perfidy. That it would be impossible to do this without compromising herself did not enter into her calculations. All she knew was that she had been very badly treated, and the one thought that possessed her was that of revenge.

It was a very sad-faced and heavy-eyed Mrs. Heriot who, the next morning, sat opposite her husband at the breakfast-table. She did not hear him come in, for, although she had lain awake throughout half the night, sleep had at last gained its hold upon her. Consequently, they met now for the first time since the previous morning.

She returned his greeting mechanically, for, although anger struggled in her for the mastery, she saw that it was impossible to say what was in her mind in the presence of the parlourmaid. "How he brazen it out!" she thought fiercely, as she nervously crumbled the roll before her.

Without betraying any surprise at his wife's coldness, Mr. Heriot settled himself in his chair and leisurely examined the pile of letters at his side. Then he put them down and meditatively stroked his moustache.

"Well, Phyllis," he remarked at length, looking up at his wife with a smile; "you don't seem so cheerful as you ought to be, considering that you had your own way, after all, last night."

"My own way? What do you mean, Arthur?" she exclaimed, startled out of her self-possession.

"Why, dearest, about the Covent Garden affair, of course. I didn't go, after all. When I got to my chambers yesterday, I found an important brief there that occupied me until the evening. Then I went on to the Club, and took a hand at whist with some men. As I was winning, I didn't care about leaving; so I lent my mask and domino to young Ferrars. He's just my build, so the costume suited him capitally. It's a pity you don't know him, as he's rather a nice young chap in his way."

"Oh!" said Phyllis.



## THEATRE GOSSIP.

We seem to be getting all our new plays from America now, plays either written by natives thereof, or written by Britons and sent out there to be first produced. Of this last kind is Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome's new comedy, "Miss Hobbs," which, according to authentic American journals, wires, and letters just received, has proved a great success in New York. This play has been selected to replace "The Christian" at the Duke of York's next Monday week. Among strictly American-made plays which (according to special epistles to the present writer) are to be seen in this Right Little, Tight Little Island may be mentioned an adaptation by Mr. W. A. Tremayne (of the *New York Mirror*) of our own Mr. Joseph Hatton's stirring romance, "The Dagger and the Cross," and a native-made comedy, entitled (somewhat artlessly) "Miss Prince, of Wales."

Among native produce in the new-play line is one entitled, at present, "From the Ranks to the Peerage." This is by Mr. H. A. Bruce, the manager of Messrs. Hardie, Von Leer, Gordyn, and Co.'s beautiful Liverpool theatre, the Shakspeare. Whether the same or any other author has arranged to give us an apropos play entitled "From the Peerage to the Stage" is not stated. One also hears of a new detective-kind of drama written by Mr. Austin Fryers, and entitled "A Case for Sherlock Holmes." This is promised for production about the time when (according to the best poetic authority), "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Speaking of detective-stories, it is understood that a play is to be made out of Mr. Henry Beauchamp's thrilling and dashing new story, "The Lost Emeralds of Zarinthia," recently published by Sands and Co. The dramatist in this case will doubtless be the novelist himself, who, under another name, has done a good deal of work for the stage.

One also hears of a forthcoming dramatisation of F. Marion Crawford's story, "In Old Madrid." If there is anything in title-claiming, Mr. Crawford's adapter cannot use Mr. Crawford's title for this play. A drama called "In Old Madrid" has been touring round the British Isles for nearly two years, and a few days ago it made its first appearance in London at the quaint little Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. This drama proved to be a strange but effective mixture of Mystery, Morbidity, and Music-Hallism. For example, sandwiched with sundry variety turns were such details as the slow and torturing poisoning of a husband, who was an obstacle in the path of a wicked wife and her Spanish accomplice; the inconvenient husband's strange escape from death by these means, and his prompt capture in order to be bound to a sort of rack under an awful machine fitted with gleaming steel spikes, which were warranted to slowly descend and disintegrate him. And the poor, persecuted husband's ghost came to haunt the guilty couple who had served him so ill; and when the apparition had terrified the pair into confession, and had arranged for their punishment and death, his ghostship was shown to be all alive oh! and, by way of recompense for all his sufferings, he was arranging, as the curtain fell, to be given in marriage to a first-class young lady who had secretly loved him and sympathised with him all along. "In Old Madrid" was received with rapture.

All desirous of observing to what lengths laughter can go, or who wish to test their capacity in this connection, should seize the earliest opportunity of seeing George R. Sims and Clarence Corri's new musical comedy, "In Gay Piccadilly," which Mr. Milton Bode's company, headed by Dan Leno, are playing this week at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross. This piece, which made its first appearance in London at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, just as the last issue of *The Sketch* was going to press, is really the most side-splitting play of the kind seen for years. Of course, the prime cause of the continuous shrieks of laughter caused is Mr. Leno himself, who, in the course of a day's detective work, mostly of a divorce kind, contrives to impersonate Cricketer Grace, a tattered sandwich-board man, a bespattered fire-brigade captain, a fire-eating Life Guard, an anecdotal and change-forgetting waiter, an unsavage South African, and an extensively revolved American Cowboy. Mr. Leno, however, is not the only clever comedian in the cast. There are about a dozen others, including Mr. Leno's uncle, Mr. John Danvers (ex-Mohawk Minstrel), who is really very comical as a rival detective.

Both Drury Lane and Her Majesty's close their present respective

seasons on Saturday, the 16th inst., and will remain closed until Boxing Night. In the interim, Mr. Collins will work day and night at rehearsals for his enormous pantomime, and Mr. Tree will polish up the preparations for his sure-to-be magnificent revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "King John," however, will be resumed on Boxing Night, and will continue until early in the New Year. The run of "With Flying Colours" finishes at the Adelphi next Saturday, and on the following Monday we are to have vouchsafed unto us Mr. Zangwill's Israelite drama, "The Children of the Ghetto," but apparently without the clever rhymed prologue being spoken as the author wishes. Mr. Zangwill has, however, a remedy at hand. Let him print his prologue on his programme.

It would have been a great pity if Mr. Weedon Grossmith's promise to revive "The Lady of Ostend" had not been fulfilled, for Mr. Burnand's amusing farce deserved a longer innings than its first. On its revival, it goes so merrily that one may well expect it will occupy Terry's Theatre for many weeks to come. Most of the excellent cast originally engaged is still in the bill. Consequently a really capital performance is given. No one, of course, could replace Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the wicked little philandering husband. He, fortunately, still takes his part, and plays it in his inimitable style. Mr. Edmund Gurney, who made a hit at first by his elaborate and ingenious picture of an amiable yet ferocious prize-fighter, does his work as vigorously and ingeniously as ever, and Miss Alice Clinton's picture of "the Lady of Ostend" has lost none of its quality by repetition. The audiences seem thoroughly amused by the very agreeable entertainment at Terry's.

## THE LATE MR. CHARLES COGHLAN.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES COGHLAN AS ANTONY TO  
MRS. LANGTRY'S CLEOPATRA.

Photo by Barrauld, Oxford Street, W.

"Money." How well I recall him, clad in a gorgeous Indian dressing-gown, one hand thrust into his breast, speaking the effective but somewhat priggish sentiments in excellent style! Coghlan's Charles Surface in the notable production of "The School for Scandal," at the same theatre, in 1874, was regarded by some critics as his finest assumption. But, with all its brilliance, it seemed to me to lack that atmosphere of "old comedy" which is probably the possession of Mr. William Farren alone to-day upon the English stage. Coghlan's position was, however, assured by these two impersonations. The fiasco of his Shylock in the following year—an assumption more utterly unconvincing, more entirely lacking in atmosphere and distinction, than could have been supposed—shook the popular actor's reputation for a time. However, he recovered from the shock, and appeared successfully in several Robertson revivals. In 1876 he severed his connection with the Bancrofts, and went to America. Later, he was seen to great advantage in "The Colonel," with Mr. Edgar Bruce, at the little house in Tottenham Street. In 1883 he once more joined them at the Haymarket, and made a success as Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora," but only to leave again very shortly for the United States.

It is interesting to recall in this connection that Charles Coghlan resumed his fine impersonation of Alfred Evelyn at the ever-memorable farewell performance of the Bancrofts at the Haymarket in 1885. Mr. Coghlan was associated with Mrs. Langtry, at the Princess's, in various productions, the chief being "Antony and Cleopatra," in which classic neither artist appeared to advantage. The playgoers of a former day will, however, preserve the memory of Charles Coghlan as an actor who attained a deserved eminence in modern drama.

## MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AT HOME.

"If you can spare me a quarter of an hour, I want to hear something about the big concert you and Mr. Little are getting up at the Albert Hall," I said to Mrs. Seymour Hicks a few days before the event came off.

"It is a big undertaking, and ever since it took shape we have kept three typewriters at work, and I suppose there's hardly a post which does not bring me in half-a-dozen or more letters asking me to sing a new patriotic song especially composed for the occasion."

"How did you get together your record list of artists, your actors and actresses to appear as stewards and souvenir-sellers, and your vast number of friendly helpers?"

"Everyone has been so kind to us! We asked only one or two people in the very beginning, and since then I have been inundated with offers of assistance, and I could give just four concerts from the amount of talent offered me. Then the selling of seats has been tremendously brisk; the Princess of Wales has patronised us; and we hope to make £4000 for the fund at the least."

"And you have all this to arrange in addition to playing nightly at the theatre?" I queried.

"Yes, but I love work, and I like being busy. Last week, I played eleven times, counting matinées. Yes," in answer to my inquiry, "it was quite a change going to the Criterion, for 'My Daughter-in-Law,' to play in comedy again—a case of returning to the old love, for I made my début in comedy parts under Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion. Then I was at the Court in 'The Amazons' and 'A Pantomime Rehearsal,' whilst at the Princess's I played drama, appearing in 'Arrah-na-Pogue'; but, having been for five years associated with comic opera, I suppose people don't remember what I did before."

"You were at the Gaiety Theatre mostly in the five years, were you not?"

"Yes; I began in 'Jack Sheppard,' and was in 'A Gaiety Girl,' 'The Shop Girl,' 'The Circus Girl,' 'My Girl,' and 'A Runaway Girl.' I also played Cinderella in the pantomime of that name here and in America, and Thora in 'His Excellency,' at the Lyric."

"Do you still find time to continue your musical compositions?"

"Yes. I love music, and when one is very fond of a thing, one does not give it up. Maurice Farkoa sings my songs a good deal. My husband usually writes my lyrics."

"An ideal case of collaboration."

"Yes; 'Papa's Wife' was our joint work, and so was 'The Lady Wrangler,' for which I composed the music. No, my husband writes librettos only, not music. In fact, it was perhaps my schooling him in his songs in 'His Last Chance,' at the Court Theatre, that brought about our marriage. We had played a good deal together, and I volunteered to help him with his songs, as I did not think him very musical, which led to our engagement; but that is a matter of six years ago."

It is difficult indeed, when you see Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks in their beautiful home, to realise that they have been so long married. They are the most youthful-looking couple conceivable, absolute boy and girl; and Mrs. Seymour Hicks, in her blouse of soft green silk, with her sunny hair simply parted in the middle and drawn in a knot at the back of her head, does not strike one as "the British matron." The young couple have adopted a sweet little girl—not having any children of their own—and the little maiden has playfellows in the shape of a distinguished Japanese spaniel, a perfect ball of black-and-white fur, a Scotch terrier, and a striking-looking cat, given by Mrs. W. S. Gilbert.

The drawing-room, where we chatted, is gay with scarlet walls and white dado, overmantels, and carved arches; photographs overflow on the grand piano, the table, and the mantelpieces, whilst, in addition to various portraits of her late father, a striking bust of Mr. William Terriss also has a place. Amid the treasures of the silver-table—Mrs. Seymour Hicks is very fond of old silver—the silver sweetmeat-box which played such a prominent part in "A Court Scandal" is to the front. Elsewhere there are other evidences of the hobbies of this gifted couple. With boundless enthusiasm, Ellaline Terriss organised and arranged a patriotic concert, on the most original lines, which was one of the most successful and notable of the many generous undertakings this winter in aid of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

## THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

The enthusiastic reception of "The Rose of Persia" not only shows that Sir Arthur Sullivan's pen has lost none of its magic, but suggests that in Captain Basil Hood, the librettist, has been found a possible successor to Mr. Gilbert. I do not suggest that the new-comer steps directly into the shoes of the old favourite, or that his book is so rich in elements of popularity as those or most of those of Mr. Gilbert. Indeed, his humour is less vigorous, is less prolific, and he has been compelled, not by inability, to rely on the humour of incongruity which formed the chief weapon of the author of "Pinafore." At the same time, allowances must be made for the great difficulties of the new Savoyard, and he has come out of the ordeal admirably. "The Rose of Persia" has plenty of witty lines, plenty of ingenious, pointed stanzas, a quaint and amusing dramatic scheme, some charming little poems, and an agreeable touch of true sentiment rare in the somewhat drier work of Mr. Gilbert. By now, everyone knows the story of Hassan, the much-married philanthropist, who saved his neck only by desperate resource to a scheme suggested, I think, to him by the Sultana, who saved her life by telling—or was it by getting her sister to tell?—those Arabian Night's tales which, according to

Burton's translation, are really too "broad" for the smoking-room of a club, to say nothing of a Sultana or her maiden sister. On the first night it seemed to me that many of the audience failed to see the final point, to understand how the Sultan Mahmoud was "caught out" by the ingenious Hassan, and compelled to pardon everyone, including Rose-in-Bloom, his Sultana, who seemed to have little skill as a story-teller, or even as a fibster. Alas, poor Hassan! He sacrificed himself bravely, for he would have preferred sudden freedom, even at the scimitar edge, to life with Dancing Sunbeam, the *doyen* of his twenty-six wives, but felt it his duty to save the others, the pretty Heart's Desire, the amorous Yussuf, her sweetheart, and Rose-in-Bloom, who had made a mistake in playing the game of the mice when the cat's away.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, most popular of our composers, conducted the orchestra, and must have been delighted to hear the hearty and continuous applause earned by his really charming work, though, of course, this is no new experience of his. As in the case of all his late Savoy compositions, there is less in his setting of "The Rose of Persia" for the whistle of the street-boy and handle of the piano-organ than in the early favourites; but public taste in music, probably, has accompanied him in his progress, and even the comparatively unmusical will delight, as well as the critics, in the more complex strains, whilst the simpler numbers will have a vast success. The Persian marches, the popular Persian tune, the House-that-

Jack-Built quartette, the drinking-song with a Hungarian flavour, the pretty ballad for Yussuf, the lively comic songs, and, above all, the beautiful almost unaccompanied quartette, will delight everyone, and even add to the composer's popularity—if that be possible. In fact, the whole of the music deserves very high praise.

The performance of Mr. Walter Passmore as Hassan is perhaps the best work that he has done. His acting is quaint in individuality; his dancing, particularly in an Eastern duet with the charming Miss Emmie Owen, is truly comic; his singing so perfect in enunciation of words that you can almost "hear the commas," and his acting ranges from the nearly tragic to the wildest comic.

Miss Rosina Brandram, as Dancing Sunbeam, earned the heartiest applause by her admirable work, and Miss Louie Pounds fully deserved her name of "Heart's Desire." Miss Beach Yaw's top-notes would have paralysed Sister Mary Jane. Middle-aged playgoers remember that rich comedian, W. J. Hill, in an extravagant piece called "Crazed," and how, in search of altissimo notes, his right hand sometimes slipped over to the end of the piano. Miss Yaw's something wonderful in altissimo brought poor Hill into my mind. The audience seemed delighted with her.

I ought also to mention Miss Isabel Jay and Miss Jessie Rose, both of them charming. Mr. Lytton was a capital Sultan, Mr. Evett sang charmingly as Yussuf, and Mr. Ridgwell and Mr. W. H. Leon were of much use. The mounting is excellent, each scene being very pretty, and the dresses, designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, are the richest and most harmonious in the record of the theatre.

E. F. S.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN  
"MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW," AT THE CRITERION.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 6, 4.51; Thursday, 4.51; Friday, 4.50; Saturday, 4.49; and the same all the following week.

We are now among the shortest days of the year. On Saturday, lamps must be lit at 4.49, and this time of lighting continues till Tuesday, Dec. 19, when we cyclists are given another minute of grace, 4.50, and then the days will almost imperceptibly, but very surely, stretch longer, day by day, right away till next June is reached. A few days back, I took a jaunt with three friends into mid-Kent. The roads were capital; far better than in summer. We pulled up for lunch at a trim little village, and went to the small hotel. We were shown into a chilly room, ranged with hard chairs and spittoons, the tables being covered with oilcloth, and on the walls were dusty pictures of horses, famous, no doubt, in the early 'forties, and there was the odour of stale tobacco and old beer everywhere. It wasn't much in the way of accommodation; and all that could be produced for lunch was tinned tongue with boiled eggs. It was what is usually termed a scrap sort of a meal.

I've had worse, far worse, in different parts of the world; but there is no country in Europe, barring the poorer parts of Hungary, where I have not been able to obtain better food than is supplied in the average hotel in the average English village. It is all very well to be taunted with finding fault with one's own country; but, really, after anybody has done a little touring abroad, if it be no further afield than France and Germany, he is filled with something approaching contempt for the accommodation provided by English landlords. And the curious part of it is that many landlords take a positive pride in the fact they are worse hosts than foreign innkeepers. When you tell them about Continental accommodation, they grin at the ignorant foreigner, as much as to say that to make anybody comfortable is a poor sort of occupation. Our own country is the most beautiful in the world to tour in; but cyclists will continue to go abroad for their holidays, because they get much better treatment in the tiniest of hotels, and because the cooking is better and the price not outrageous.

Last week I threw out the suggestion there should be established an Inter-Varsity Cycling Association, to foster honest cycle-racing among gentlemen. As I pointed out then, racing is controlled chiefly—though there are notable exceptions—by men whom gentlemen riders could not possibly accept as their rulers. That is why men of good-breeding, who would do well on the track, hold aloof from racing. I am glad to say my suggestion has been welcomed by cyclists at both Oxford and Cambridge. Therefore, will those cyclists at the Universities, willing to help in the establishment of an Inter-Varsity Cycling Association, communicate with Mr. Henry Cunliffe, M.A. Oxon (O.U.B.C.), 20, Eaton Gardens, Hove.

Were I not a cheery-hearted beggar, willing to take life happily, I would occasionally get angry. I suppose you, who read this page week by week, hardly ever see any of the purely cycling papers. I read them regularly, and find much entertainment. True, the grammar is a little shaky, and the humour is rather of the pot-house type; but they are bright—except when wailing over their drooping sales and lack of advertisements—and what I particularly like them for is the tornado of indignation and the "off-with-his-head" screech whenever anybody like myself, for instance, lifts up his modest head and ventures an opinion. The *Cycle* is the one paper that seems to be written by gentlemen, though I wish to goodness the illustrations were better. My readers know I am in favour of the registration and the local taxation of bicycles, because none of us, I feel sure, would object to pay five shillings or so a-year if the money were devoted to the bettering of the roads. Further, as I have pointed out again and again, registration would largely put a check on thieves, and it would afford a ready means for discovering who the blackguards are that tear along highways unheeding everybody else, knocking down folks, and then running away like the cowards they are. The penny-Cycling Press hate registration and taxation. And oh, how they have abused me! Formerly, they said it was only dunderheaded old men who couldn't ride that wanted a tax. Well, I don't think I am exactly old, and my excursions extend to beyond a Sunday-morning

toddle to a public-house at Ripley. So, when I read, as I did last week in the *Bicycling News*, that American cyclists scarcely know what it is to have a good run of over fifty miles on decent roads, that, once outside the great centres, the roads degenerate into mere cart-tracks running through a wilderness of sand or over precipitous hills and uninteresting plains, and then recall a ride of eight hundred miles I had in the States on an admirable cinder-path along high-roads, I can be forgiven a little smile, I hope, at the quaint knowledge there is in the world.

But reverting to the question of registration. I want registration, because I want the ruffians who bring disgrace upon our beloved pastime to be caught. Here is an instance of what I mean. The other night, an old man named William Andrews was crossing Charlwood Street, Pimlico, when two cyclists approached him, riding one behind the other. The old man stood hesitatingly, apparently to allow them to pass, when the foremost of the cyclists ran into him and knocked him down. One or two spectators of the accident spoke to the cyclist, and requested him to remain. In reply, he said, "Oh, I shall not leave! I am a gentleman, and shall stay." He, however, almost immediately mounted his machine, and, with his companion, rode off before the arrival of the police. The old man was killed. Now, it is quite possible the knocking-down was a pure accident, and the cyclist was not to blame. But what can we say of a man who slinks off, a despicable coward, without stopping to give help or explanation? Possibly the fellow would go to a music-hall and bawl himself hoarse in crying "Down with the Boers!" and cheering "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and brag of what he would do if he were in the war. Now, this knocking-down of people and running away is, alas, too common among cyclists. My blood boils when I hear of the cases. Such conduct gives folks a right to say very harsh things about cyclists. But suppose any of those spectators who spoke to the "gentleman" had seen that his number was 9000, he could have been identified as readily as a cabman. Registration might, of course, have meant to him a charge of manslaughter. Such men and his friends are, of course, opposed to registration.



READY FOR A SPIN ON THE VELDT.

Photo by Sapper J. P. Wilkie, R.E.

Now the two Shows at the Crystal Palace and the Agricultural Hall, Islington, are over, and the cry of "Free-wheels, free-wheels! Have you seen our free-wheels?" which became a positive living nightmare, is softening into the limbo of the past, and one's mind is assuming a more or less normal condition, one can take a rational view of the exhibitions. There were two Shows, and have been for some years, because of rivalry and jealousy. However, the "boom" is dead and buried, so there is no need for two exhibitions. Judging from the lukewarm interest shown by the general public and the sparse attendance, I may even go so far as to say that if there was no exhibition next year the public would not particularly grieve. The makers have to show because other makers show. It is an enormous expense, and, as far as advertising is concerned, the result is hardly worth consideration. A good machine is a good machine, and will get plenty of purchasers without a dazzling display of red baize and silver letters at the Crystal Palace or at Islington. Makers would willingly cease showing, but they are afraid some speculative person or persons would next year start Shows on their own account. If, however, the representatives of a dozen good firms had a little dinner together, and, over the wine and walnuts, agreed that next year they would hold aloof from exhibition, the whole thing would tumble to the ground.

Better still would be a friendly amalgamation of the National and the Stanley Shows, with a strong Committee of Management besides cycling agents, so that the Show should not be a mere glorified shop, with everybody thumping a drum, and crying, "Hi! Hi! Behold the wonder of the year!" like a showman at a fair. We want men to help in the management of such a Show who have got nothing to do with the manufacture of machines. There must, of course, be stands, and the exhibitors must help to pay the cost. But the real reason why the Shows this year were practically failures, from the point of public interest, was that there was comparatively little to interest the public. As I have urged before on this page, we want an exhibition of cycling curiosities. We want short and illustrated lectures on cycling in other lands. We want expositions by experts on the evolution of the cycle. We want many things that appeal more to the lay mind. J. F. F.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Racegoers are travelling the Midland Circuit this week, where good sport should be seen. I think Dead Level has a good chance for the Great Midland steeplechase at Nottingham, as the horse is in form just now. The Bentinck Hurdle might be won by Intense, as Fitton's horses are all ready to run. I like Kumasi for the flat-race, and Gangbridge for the steeplechase he runs in. The Leicester Meeting has attracted big entries, and I hope the fields will yield well, as I should like to see the Oadby enclosure go on and prosper. Kurvenal and Meta have chances for the December Hurdle-Race, and Pickled Berry, if he stands up, should win the steeplechase he is entered for. No fewer than forty-two entries have been received for the Leicester Hurdle-Race of 150 sovs. Mr. Mainwaring has done his work well, and the winner should take some finding. I think perhaps Hill Gun and Intimidate would be the best to stand. Lady Derry may win the Oadby Hurdle-Race, and Stroller, if nimble, ought to capture the Sibley Steeplechase. At Plumpton on Saturday Mellow is given a chance in the December Hurdle Handicap, and, if Patching has been properly schooled, should be too fast for her opponents in the Cooksbridge Maiden Hurdle-Race.

According to an Australian correspondent, the race for the Caulfield Cup caused the usual amount of excitement "down under." The race resulted thus: Dewey, by Lochiel—Dona, 3 years, 6 st. 12 lb., 1; Gauleon, by Gozo—Industry, 4 years, 7 st. 12 lb., 2; Ballistite, by

there is a fine future for this popular little enclosure. I expect the Club will be strengthened, and, if a long list of members is obtained, the future success of the meeting is a certainty. Dwellers on the South Coast are good sportsmen, and a course so well situated should attract big crowds from Brighton, Hastings, and Eastbourne, to say nothing of London. The train service to Plumpton, by-the-by, has always been well managed, and it would be difficult to suggest any improvement, although I think one of the fast trains from Hastings to London should stop at Plumpton during the afternoon of race-days, to allow visitors to return early if they so wished. The racecourse people, too, should have a sound asphalted path laid from the station to the back of the stands, and they might give us some coke-fires in the cold weather.

I am very glad to hear from some of the trainers that the young horses have taken kindly to the starting-gate. I think, if the new invention is given fair play, the two-year-old races of 1900 will work out well, and, looking further ahead, I honestly believe that unreliable and bad-tempered horses will soon be a thing of the past. Nothing is calculated more to upset a well-bred two-year-old than to be pulled about at the start for a five-furlong race. Many of the jockeys seem to forget that the young horses have mouths as tender as those of babies, but the horse himself does not, and, after Mr. Strong o' the Arm has wreaked his vengeance once or twice on a frightened two-year-old, the latter is generally hopeless in temper. Just a word on another subject quite as important. I am told that one of our jockeys is very hard on



MELBOURNE RACES: FINISH FOR THE CAULFIELD CUP. 1, DEWEY; 2, GAULEON; 3, BALLISTITE; 4, LA CARABINE (M. WHITE).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOVELL, MELBOURNE.

Carbine—Inheritance, 5 years, 7 st. 6 lb., 3; La Carabine, by Carbine—Oratava, 5 years, 7 st. 2 lb., 4. The winner, who was third favourite, started at 7 to 1, while the first and second favourites, Thorn, 3 to 1, and Scorn, 4 to 1, were unplaced in the race. The winner was ridden by L. Kuhn. Dewey is trained and owned by Tom Payten, who used to train for the Hon. J. White. As we now know, Dewey also won the Melbourne Cup, and, if the report is true that the horse is likely to be bought for the English market, he will have to be reckoned with on this side after he has become acclimatised. Had Gauleon won the Caulfield Cup, the owner, H. Oxenholme, a big Sydney bookmaker, would have brought off a good coup at a long price. Gauleon is brother to The Graftor, who finished fifth in the Cesarewitch. I cannot at the moment discover the English owner who has bought Dewey, but my correspondent hears that the price paid was £2500, not an extravagant one, by-the-by, for the winner of a big double event.

The Duke of Westminster, who heads the list of winning owners on the flat, does not believe in keeping bad horses in training, and he practises what I have preached for years. An Ormonde does not cost a penny more to feed than a selling-plater, while it is certain that seventy-five per cent of the horses running in selling-plates never earn their training and travelling expenses. The Duke of Portland believes in keeping only the best horses in training. The Duke of Devonshire used to be very fond of selling-plate plunges, but he seems to be tired of these speculations now. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has run some very bad horses, and one or two very good ones. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild patronises every form of race, from classic events to selling-plates. So does Sir Blundell Maple. It is strange that the professional plungers should stick to selling-plates, to run their horses in—that is, until their owners have dropped all their money.

Many years ago a friend wanted me to join him in running the Plumpton course, but at that time I could see no money in it. The course is now very ably managed by Messrs. Pratt and Co., and I think

two-year-olds with his spurs. If he is not careful, he will find himself in the police-court dock for cruelty to animals.

Some wag suggests that the National Hunt Committee should make up some of our fences with barbed wire, just to give the jockeys and horses some experience of the stop-sport. I am afraid the suggestion is impracticable, and, indeed, I am not sure that the powers that be would not be liable to be indicted for manslaughter if they were to adopt the barbed wire and a jockey met with a fatal accident. Indeed, the poor cross-country riders take a big-enough risk under existing conditions without adding to their responsibilities, and I should be very sorry to see the poor horses being tutored to take barbed wire.

The story used to be told that the gentlemen riders were always on £50 to a shilling on the mounts they took. Of course, I know nothing as to the truth of the story, neither do I know how some of the amateur riders manage to exist at the present time. I suppose they back their own mounts. Anyway, some of them seem to get along fairly comfortably, and that, too, without the aid of private incomes. I have often wondered how many of the present school of gentlemen riders would have to stand down if the National Hunt Committee determined that only those amateurs should ride who could prove that they owned sufficiently large private incomes to keep them without speculating or otherwise making a bit towards their "exes." CAPTAIN COE.

It has come to our knowledge that the "Masta" Patent Pipe Company, of 153, Fleet Street, E.C., have forwarded a large case of their "Masta" pipes to the soldiers at present serving in South Africa.

These columns have lately contained a curious advertisement simply consisting of the one word "Lemco." Various guesses have been made as to what this means. Some think that "Lemco" is to be the name of a new temperance-drink, others that it is a hair-wash, while some folks have surmised that "Lemco" is a new polishing agent. Time will show.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

The country cousin, always a joy to the metropolitan onlooker, has come up to town in greater droves than ever this present season. To walk down Oxford Street nowadays in one's accustomed undeviating manner



NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

has not alone, indeed, become a sheer impossibility, but one has, in fact, like the Irishman, "to take the middle of the road to get down the side of the street," so packed with cheerful bucolics, on buying intent, is the pavement proper of the strangers' favourite thoroughfare. Every shop has its own crowd of staring worshippers—the photographers, jewellers, stationers, what not—and to steer the way to one's particular destination without breaking in on the confabulations of a family group, or floundering on to the overfed-looking groups of women who abound at every step (and *what* a lot of rotund femininity one meets in this City, by the way!), requires some finesse and more patience in acquiring the necessary dexterity.

Of all the hurrying crowds that pass through Oxford Street in a day's walk, there must be few who are not now tempted to pause before the magnificent display of plate and jewels which Mappin and Webb have set forth in their windows for Christmas purchasers. It is quite a liberal education, in fact, to note how the gentle art of the silver-smith has been applied by this firm to every possible want that modern luxury can create. Appliances for the toilette-stand, the writing-room, the yacht, the dinner-table, the smoking-den, each glorified editions of the more frugal methods of other days, are devised, and each season improved upon, by the makers of our luxurious modes, all of which, most fully represented, are shown us at Mappin and Webb's of well-established fame and world-wide reputation. Amongst their latest exclusive novelties are smart opera-bags for handkerchief, purse, and opera-glasses, made of soft reindeer-skin dyed in such pale colours as mauve, grey, light green, and other tones to match the dress. Card-cases and purses with gold edges are shown in the same shades. A new form of silver letter-weight, toilette-sets of embossed silver, including handkerchief- and glove-box, beautifully chased silver toilet-trays, useful articles for the table-service, amongst which may be ranked the finely modelled *café au lait* set after a rare James I. pattern, which is one of the most desirable things produced by this well-known firm for the edification of present-givers and getters.

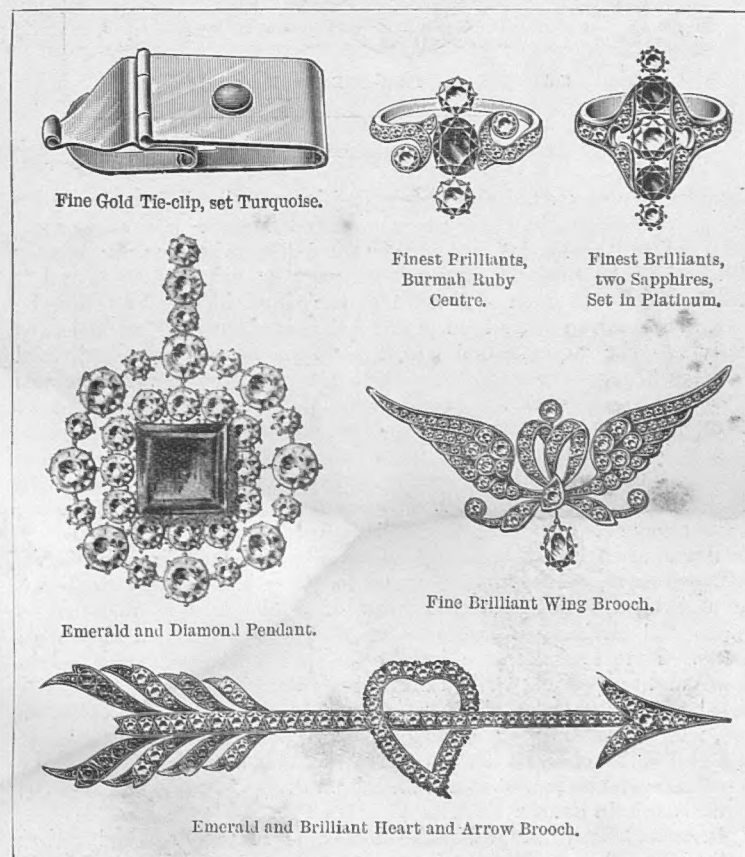
Little boat-shaped inkstands of pierced silver, in a favourite Queen Anne design, are also most acceptable gifts, embossed menu-holders, and a million matters of beauty, use, and import besides. In their jewellery department, Mappin and Webb have made great strides since its inception two or three seasons ago, and the array of gorgeous tiaras, necklets, be-diamonded combs, bracelets, and so forth now makes a very imposing display indeed. Added to the immense variety and choice given intending purchasers, all the stones are of guaranteed purest water, and their prices, moreover, seem almost disproportionately moderate as compared with many small firms whose lack of capital does not give

them the power of buying diamonds so advantageously as a great firm like Mappin and Webb, whose dual establishments, at 158 to 162, Oxford Street, and at 2, Queen Victoria Street, are such well-known landmarks with the purchasing public everywhere.

Many comparatively inexpensive trifles suitable as Yuletide gifts are also on view which one cannot obtain elsewhere, being, in fact, produced for Messrs. Mappin and Webb. A pair of gold knitting-needles, for example, set with cabochon jewels, a charming present for an old lady of active early-Victorian habits; jade waistcoat-buttons set with tiny brilliants; button-hole watches in gold or gun-metal; Andalusian ear-rings, set with diamonds or in plain gold, which are now so increasingly worn; the fashionable network gold-purse, set with gems and fitted with jewelled waist-hooks. Every imaginable novelty which the fertile ingenuity of the century-end can produce is on view, and difficult indeed must be the requirements of anyone who can fail to be "suited" at Mappin and Webb's City or West-End establishments this season.

In their jewellery departments both branches are in the proud possession of some exceptionally fine emeralds just now, a stone that goes better with diamonds and is really more beautiful than even the ruby and sapphire. The pendant and arrow brooch shown on this page are perfect examples of a perfect combination. Both rings illustrated are also models of the newest setting and finest stones, and, in this connection of the present-giving season, it will not come amiss to remind generously disposed amongst fair readers that gem-set gold tie-clips like that shown are the latest invention for the convenience of the pampered male. Another useful present for a quill-driving friend of either sex would be the crystal silver-topped ink-bottle, and a novelty which will appeal to the *Hausfrau* is the Prince's Plate dish with glass liner for stewed fruit, which would make at small cost such an ornamental addition to the luncheon-table.

In Regent Street we find another notable halting-place at Wilson and Gill's, whose show-rooms at No. 134 contain not only the latest developments in silver-ware, both domestic and ornamental, but a very valuable and comprehensive selection of jewellery, most of the patterns being special and particular to the firm's designers, and, as a consequence, unobtainable elsewhere. Even the simplest productions at Wilson and Gill's have the cachet of refinement in composition and exquisite workmanship which was noticeable in the work of ancient and mediæval goldsmiths, and as noticeably absent in the vulgar forms of jewellery and general bad taste which prevailed in the last three reigns and the beginning and middle of this. Such changes as have happily passed o'er the spirit of these past bad dreams are nowhere more evidenced than in the artistic masterpieces of jewel-setting prepared by



NEW JEWELLERY AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

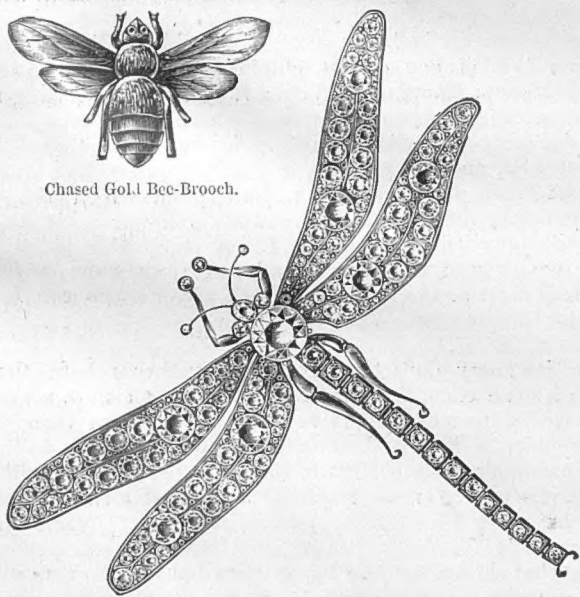
Messrs. Wilson and Gill, and from the simplest form of cadeau, like the chased gold bee-brooch illustrated, which costs a modest five-and-twenty shillings, to the most elaborate diamond crown or gem-set corsage-ornament, there is an obvious delicacy of taste as well as high excellence



in the quality of jewels employed which have surely and solidly helped to build the reputation that this firm has recognisably obtained. Gem-set chain-bracelets will never, I fervently hope, lose their popularity with the sex. A novelty amongst this favourite form of gaud is the chain-bangle with dainty pearl-set gold glove button-hook attached.



Chased Gold Bee-Brooch.



Dragon-Fly Brooch in Diamonds and Olivines.



Gold Bangle and Pearl-set Button-Hook.

#### NEW JEWELLERY AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

Very smart also are the sets of jewelled buttons lately introduced for ladies' gloves, while, not to leave mankind out in the cold, some thoughtful inventive genius discovered that white waistcoats are greatly embellished by the addition of jewel-set gold or pearl buttons, and it must be owned that even the most conservative ideas could not be justified in bestowing other than praise on these charming novelties, so perfectly has the "quietness" which distinguishes every well-dressed Englishman been preserved in their manufacture. New jewelled pencils for attaching to neck-chain or bangle, which have been brought out by this firm, are particularly smart, turquoises, diamonds, pearls, and rubies being employed with great effect in enriching the heads. Enamel has been used by them a good deal in the newest sleeve-links for men, and fob-chains are again revisiting glimpses of the moon, judging from the elaborate array set forth in their glass cases.

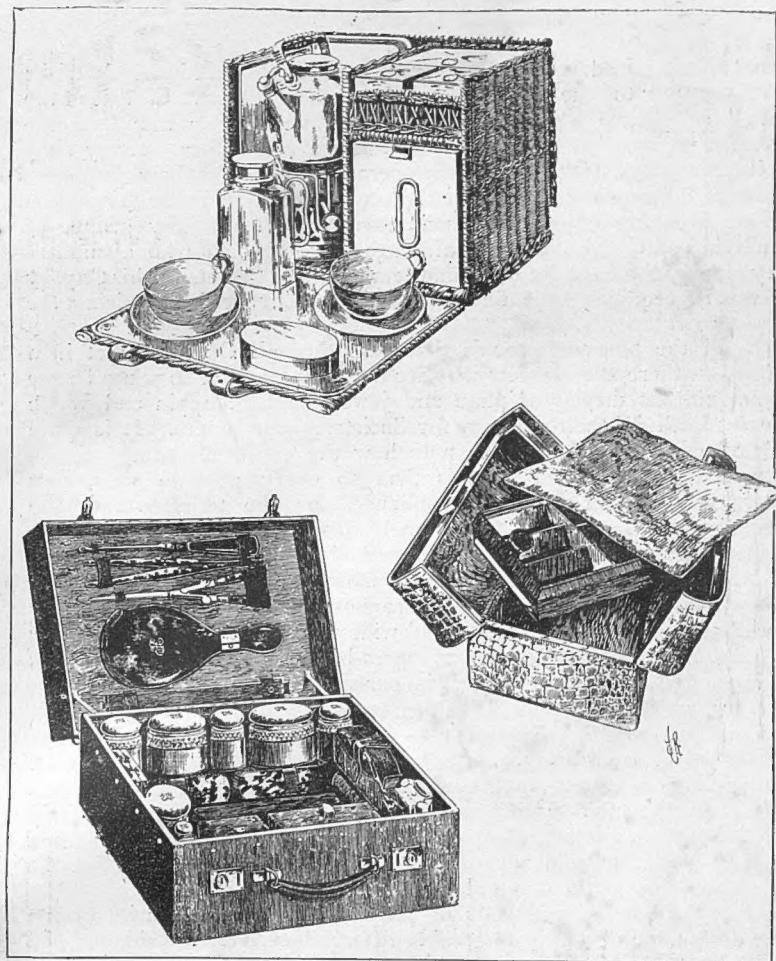
Of diamond-encrusted brooches and bangles there are enough to suit, as Shakspeare says, "all kinds of appetite," one brooch of exceptional lustre and beauty being in the form of a dragon-fly, modelled in diamonds and olivines—a green stone which accords admirably with brilliants. That less æsthetic insect, the spider, is also reproduced in diamonds and turquoise, glorified exceedingly thereby, too, it need hardly be added. A delightful Christmas gift would be the diamond robin on branch, which can be obtained for a mere five pounds, while another of Wilson and Gill's choicest designs in necklets is a combination of the same precious stones in a bow-and-medallion design, the turquoises being particularly fine in colour.

"Music made easy" should be the motto of Mr. Draper, who advertises from Blackburn his well-known organettes on the hire-payment system. I dare swear that many who may like their whistle and yet not have sufficient coin of the realm to immediately pay for it, will avail of the opportunity offered for purchasing not alone organettes, but many other articles on the same favourable terms besides.

Piccadilly Circus, with its endless roar of traffic, blazing lights at all points and corners, endless crowds of passers-by, and an air of being

the centre of the universe generally, is assuredly the cheerfullest spot, both summer and winter, of this great city. Just as truly is Drew and Sons' magnificent shop a rallying-spot for the citizen of the world, for it combines the fascinations of latest editions, sold just outside its windows, with the perennial seductions of tea-baskets, luncheon-hampers, dressing-bags, suit-cases, and all the lesser luxuries for which Drew and Sons are so celebrated in all quarters of this perpetually narrowing world. How much "33 to 37, Piccadilly Circus," adds to the gaiety of nations even in the gloom of a December fog can, indeed, be easily estimated now by the man in the street, who, as he passes by, scans the group of deeply interested country-cousins on Christmas benefactions intent, and harassed only by the bewildering choice submitted to the taste of the benefactor. Most of all, perhaps, do Drew and Sons' famous tea- and luncheon-baskets appeal to this travelling generation, who, by their help, have been cheered with Cowper's uninebriating cup in divers otherwise impossible places, and have had comfort from the well-planned lunch-basket when food was without it un-get-at-able for love or, still more, money. The tea-basket illustrated here, for instance, shows one of Drew and Sons' very latest departures. There is a saucepan to fit under kettle, instead of the spirit-lamp as formerly, and, by aid of the new registered frying-pan, one can poach an egg easily over the lamp.

Another really charming novelty are the smart luncheon-bags, instead of baskets, lately introduced by the firm, and which have had a unique success. One is illustrated also in this column, and its superiority in convenience to the basket is at once apparent. An empty space is left in the bag for soda-water, wine, or fruit, as required, and the entire fittings may, moreover, be removed, so that the bag can be either used fitted for far-afeld wanderings or the favourite Saturday to Monday of our frequent usage. This dressing-bag, built of rich green Russia leather, is quite small for the number of its fittings, which comprise bottles of marvellously engraved glass mounted with real gold tops beautifully embossed and chased; brushes, glove-stretchers, shoe-lift, manicure implements, and the rest, are made of the finest tortoiseshell monogrammed in gold. This unique bag is the gift of a rich South African to his *fiancée*, and is one of the most complete specimens ever made even by Drew and Sons. Then there are jewel-boxes made in particularly convenient shapes, silver-mounted crocodile-skin blotters, polished pig-skin pipe-cases, silver eau-de-Cologne cases, expanding writing-cases made on the newest principle, silver-mounted leather belts in the smartest designs, silver night-light holders, and a hundred other exclusively elegant and useful articles beside. Hunting-saddle cases, with sandwich-box and metal flask, railway reading-lamps, "Deck-chair" writing-pads, patent revolving work-cases—the very latest novelty of their kind—with many more objects of use and beauty



#### NOVELTIES AT DREW AND SONS.

which one sees only at Drew and Sons, are all at the moment on view within their plate-glass portals, where, to find oneself with a fairly filled pocket-book and liberal intentions towards one's relatives must, I take it, be one of the pleasantest experiences open to a mere man or woman.

SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.*

## THE MONEY MARKET.

As we anticipated in our last "Notes," the Bank Rate has been raised, and money is commanding a high rate of interest. It is generally conceded that the move of the Bank Directors was a wise one, for, if it had not been taken this week, it must have come before the end of the year, and the way the market has responded is a most satisfactory indication of the command of the situation which the Bank has obtained. Instead of large consignments of gold coming from the Cape every week, we are sending cash there, and the drain is bound to make itself felt. The important question which everybody in the City is asking his neighbour is how long this state of affairs is going to last, for upon the answer depends the duration of high rates, and, consequently, the value of all gilt-edged investment stocks. To carry over Consols at the Settlement now over cost 6 per cent. per annum, and the prices in the case of other investment stocks were correspondingly high. Of course, if this state of affairs is going to last for many months, not only will the banks and other money-lending institutions—pawn-shops, nasty irreverent people call them—be getting rid of their investments to employ their surplus cash to better advantage, but it will be so unprofitable to carry stock on borrowed money that there is bound to be heavy selling and depreciation in prices. We have pointed this out before, but so few people understand the intricate system of credit upon which our Money Market is supported that those of our readers who appreciate the position, will perhaps forgive us for trying to make it clear to their less-instructed fellows.

THE CYCLE MARKET: A CHAT WITH  
MR. G. LACY HILLIER.

Perhaps it is hardly just to refer to the renowned cyclist as "The Cycle Market," because that title would lead one to suppose that Mr. Hillier was a jobber in Cycle shares, when, of course, he is in reality a broker, dealing all over the House, in any market where his clients' orders take him. But he is such an acknowledged authority upon everything connected with the cycling world that "The Cycle Market" seems the most apt, even if it be not the best, sobriquet for the famous athlete. He was standing in the Consol Market of the Stock Exchange as *The Sketch* strolled up, and readily consented to have a chat about Humber's.

"Here, let's go and sit down," he said, leading the way to a seat round the granite pillar that upholds part of the ancient dome. "What do you want to know?"

"Tell me, first," I said, "what attitude you are taking up with regard to all this row over the Humber Board?"

"Well," Mr. Hillier replied thoughtfully, "just at present I am not taking any pronounced part in the affair. But won't anything I say be rather stale, as there is the big meeting next Tuesday, and you don't come out till Wednesday?"

I assured him that what people wanted to know was his general view upon the subject. Was he in favour of Wingfield's Board? Would the Humber business ever be worth anything again?

"The only thing that can save Humber's, in my opinion," was the reply, "is a Board of thoroughly practical men, men whom the agents can trust in, because, after all, it is the agents who sell the machines, and they will not place orders with a non-practical Board until they have an opportunity of seeing what sort of machines they produce. I do not think that either of the proposed Boards are what I should call practical."

"Then, with directors such as you suggest——?"

"I think the Humber could be reinstated in something approaching its old position. There is the name of the company, and that counts for a great deal with people. Of course, the capitalisation is excessive, and more money may yet be required. But, with a practical Board, I think the Humber business might be restored to making a bread-and-butter profit."

"But the huge earnings of old? Will they never return?"

"You will never see another cycle 'boom,'" said Mr. Hillier emphatically. "The trade has received two crushing blows—one the collapse of Hooley's finance, and the second the reduction in the prices of machines—but that it will recover I have no doubt. Never again to what it was though; the industry must now be content to settle down to a quiet, manufacturing trade, earning an ordinary commercial return."

"The demand for cycles is still great, then?"

"Yes, and as long as there are boys and girls they will want bicycles. A cyclist now, you know, is not regarded as a 'cad on castors,' as 'Atlas' once called us in the *World*. When I first began riding, in 1874, bicyclists were social outcasts, the pariahs of society. Things are rather different now, aren't they? I have ridden a quarter of a century; never been more than six weeks out of the saddle, and then I was ill," this last half-apologetically.

"How about the free-wheel?" I wanted to know.

"There again you have a new development which may help the cycle trade immensely," said Mr. Hillier, "although, to my mind, many of the free-wheels at this year's Shows were much too flimsy to stand the wear-and-tear to which they will be subjected. But that will all be put right in time. And there is one great field open to the cycle companies that may help them tremendously."

"?" I said with my eyebrows.

"The motor industry. The Humber Company may do splendidly over that. They have turned out a very good motor-quadracycle already; but all the cycle companies can make motors, and the supply is well below the demand."

The Consol clock kept creeping on. "One more question, Mr. Hillier," I ventured. "What were your own best performances?"

A smile crossed Mr. Hillier's face. "It was so long ago that I must think," he said. "Let me see. In 1881 I won all the amateur championships—the one, five, twenty-five, and fifty-mile bicycle championships, and the fifty-mile tricycle."

As he went away, I wondered how on earth he got everything in, and, pondering, I went out at the Broad Street door to buy a youngster's book over the way. The "Badminton Library" adorned the window of the shop, and somehow I started as the cycling volume caught my eye. The joint authors were the late Earl of Albemarle and Mr. G. Lacy Hillier.

## KAFFIRS.

The highly exciting days of the early part of November have quieted down into something very like lassitude for the first part of December. The market once more stands idle all the day long, and the big houses are doing no more than the small. The public have not "come in" as they were fondly expected to do; but, on the other hand, they are showing no disposition to get out. In fact, the public are doing the best possible thing, and that is waiting till the clouds roll by. There will be spurts and relapses, boom-lets and slump-lets, as various items of news filter across; but many "victories" must be won yet—if they are all to be of the same type as those gained so far—before Pretoria is ours and Johannesburg safely British too. The gallantry of our troops is beyond question, but the stubborn way in which the Boers dispute every kopje will make their progress tedious and wearisome. Those who can afford to "job" in the Kaffir Market may make money by selling on the good news and buying on the bad, but, for the man in the street, the best policy is to keep neutral. The Nervous-Minded Beggar had better sell his Kaffir shares at once, because the market has a lot to go through before it becomes anything like stable again. Rhodesians maintain their strength somewhat remarkably. The reports of those Rhodesia companies which have lately been issued do not speak in any remarkably optimistic way of the immediate future of the country, and the wise man should not hesitate to take his profits now before he loses the chance.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

I have a painful duty to perform, one that is revolting alike to my feelings as a member of the Stock Exchange, and also as a journalist. Nothing except the strongest sense of moral duty would have sufficed to pull me up to the painful scratch; but no doubt England will expect me to do my duty, the same as she does people who are ordinarily veracious. I must therefore tell the truth at all costs, for truth, they say, will out, and out with a vengeance she has come this last fortnight. The first intimation I had of her visit was a letter that arrived from a very kindly correspondent at Croydon, pointing out—something. That was on a Saturday. On the following Monday, round to my office came an envelope addressed in what I recognised at once as my Editor's handwriting. Then I knew there was something up. He hadn't put "Esq." on it: I even missed a "Mr." Within the envelope—Ah! Kind Mother Earth, swallow me up as I write the shameful words!—were two fresh letters. They both dwelt on the same subject: "Trunk Guaranteed, 82½," instead of 92½, as it ought to have been. As I was reading them, the telephone-bell rang. "I say," said my invisible candid friend, "you will get on well if you tip things 10 per cent. below the proper price." Then a wire-boy dashed up. I sank on to a heap of old files, callous to everything, and groaned as I undid the quivering slip, knowing full well what was coming. But it wasn't that, after all, and, with a yell of delight,



"THE CYCLE MARKET."



I shouted that the spell had been broken by an old lady who wanted to sell five Chartered for cash! Think of the reaction! For my mistake I apologise all round, kind readers; and I fear you will have to look elsewhere for Christmas boxes. It is, however, a long lane that has no turning, and the seriousness of this path was enlivened by a certain Mr. McLean (the pun is purely unconscious) who should seriously turn his attention to financial journalism of the comic type. Speaking gravely, Trunk Guaranteed is a good investment of the second-class, and in course of time is likely to touch par.

I suppose I had better say something about dear money. (Dear old money!) Mr. Horace Swift's prognostication as to a 7 per cent. Bank Rate by Christmas-time looks like coming off. House-men are respectfully requested not to show this to Mr. Swift, by the way. Until the New Year, there seems very little chance of better prices anywhere, and Consols are likely enough to finish at the lowest they have touched in '99. Home Rails, of course, go with Consols, and the market is as dull as a foggy day. A good investment to be found in that department are the new "Berwicks," which will lose themselves in the existing North-Eastern Consols after the second half-yearly meeting in 1901. Attention has frequently been called in these columns to the attraction of Berwicks as an investment, and the new stock, issued at 150, is better still. Proprietors have to wait until 1901 (when the stock becomes fully paid) before getting any dividends, but, as these accrue from the dates of the instalments being paid-up, holders will reap the due reward of their patience in nineteen months' time. The price of the new stock is, at the time of writing, about 13 premium.

So much talk has been heard during late years of the co-operative system as between employers and employed, and so little action has therefrom resulted, that it is quite pleasant to have an example to quote. Most people in the engineering world have heard of the firm of J. and H. Gwynne, Limited, whose works at Hammersmith frown on the dirty Thames. Mr. John Gwynne, the chairman of the company, held a pleasant little meeting last Thursday. Calling thirty of his most trusted servants into his room, he unfolded a benevolent and a generous scheme. He had made over to three trustees, he said, a thousand shares of the firm; the market price is 14- $\frac{1}{2}$ . The trustees would hold these shares for the benefit of the thirty employes, who would be credited with their quota of dividend on the thousand shares at each half-year. So that every one of the thirty will receive the dividend on about thirty-three shares, which, to workmen, will be a most welcome addition to their earnings. Various safeguards are provided with regard to men who should be dismissed or otherwise forfeit their share. The scheme has been received by the large staff of workmen employed by the firm with the utmost gratitude, and the lucky thirty are the envy of all who know them. Mr. Gwynne's handsome example might be profitably followed in a great many other companies. The work will not be done any the worse for it, that is quite certain.

The engineering troubles in West Australia are evidently not over yet, but they pale into insignificance before those which are being experienced in Rhodesia. If Kangaroos are dear, Rhodesians are still dearer, and there is an awkward fall coming for stale bulls of some of the leading gambles. The professionals, however, have the market well in hand, and may be able to run it for a little longer. West Nicholson's are freely talked to 10 by men in the market. In the Westralian Market, I am told that the bulls of Lake Views mean to have a look-in before very long. Meanwhile, the bears are making very pretty play with the shares. Golden Horseshoes are being kicked about by the bears, but at 14 the shares are intrinsically cheap. Of the cheaper-priced shares, West Australian Goldfields are likely to turn out the most successfully. Golden Links at 3 might be bought, as a gamble, to be locked up until the market "comes home" again. In the Miscellaneous Market, the new Briseis Tin shares have been put to a small premium. The property seems to possess great possibilities, and may turn out something good in time. I should regard the shares as an excellent speculation if the capital were one-third of what it is. The St. John del Rey Company has recently issued its report, wherein an interesting side-light is thrown upon the efforts of Brazilian legislators to lighten the burden upon the mining industry. St. John shares are being recommended in certain quarters as an excellent investment. No doubt they are, but the price rarely moves, so there is small scope for the excitement which is the breath of their nostrils to dabblers in mines. Times have changed since the Miscellaneous Mining Market sadly sang—

"United Mex. doth me perplex,  
Mysore is just as bad;  
The Potosi doth worry me,  
But Del Rey drives me mad."

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society holds its first concert of the season on Dec. 6, and, judging from the programme, there is no doubt that the performance will be a great success. Tickets even now do not go quite as well as they might, although there is more demand than at one time there was. One of Mr. G. D. Atkin's funny stories relates how a jocular jobber, on the eve of a Stock Exchange orchestral concert, was chaffing one of the Society's committeemen, stating that he knew of any number of tickets knocking about at a discount. "Oh, are there?" said the committeeman. "Well, what price will you make me in five seven-and-sixpenny tickets?" Laughing, the dealer made him five to six shillings. "All right, old man, I shall sell you five," said the committeeman, and history says he had to take them, too!

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL CONTRACT CORPORATION.

The Lord Mayor's case has been interesting in more ways than one, and is by no means over yet, but it is impossible for us to pass over the evidence of Mr. William Mendel without notice. The following letter from Mr. Walter Judd, the well-known advertising agent, which appeared in the *Times* of the 1st inst., explains both what Mr. Mendel said and the explanation so far as this journal is concerned, if, indeed, a flat denial can be called by such a name—

The Editor, *The Times*. London; Nov. 30, 1899.

Re *Industrial Contract Corporation, Limited*.

SIR,—I notice in your report of the above case that my name is mentioned as follows—

"In a letter to Mr. W. Judd, dated May 13, 1897, Mr. Mendel wrote: 'To avoid any possible misunderstanding, I repeat what I said by telephone—that, as *The Sketch* article could not appear this week, it must not appear next week either, but I am quite willing to pay for the work done, and shall have something else shortly.'"

No article appeared in *The Sketch*, and no money was received or paid by me in connection with this matter. The letter addressed to me was in reference to an illustrated article which was to have been paid for as an advertisement in the usual way, and it had no relation whatever to what you describe in your report as "proceeds of participation" or "friendly notices."—Yours faithfully,

5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

WALTER JUDD.

It is almost needless for us to say that the matter had nothing to do with the City columns of this paper, which have no connection with or, as a rule, knowledge of what goes on in the Advertisement Department.

#### THE SPECIAL SETTLEMENT QUESTION.

One of the most crying Stock Exchange abuses is the question of Special Settlements. As our readers probably know, by the rules of the House dealings in new companies can only take place for the "Special Settlement," that is, for a date to be fixed by the Committee when the officials of the new concern have complied with certain formalities, made sundry declarations, and got the share and debenture certificates ready for exchange against allotment-letters and banker's receipts. The result of this arrangement is that both the buyers and sellers of shares are entirely at the mercy of the new company's officials and directors, which is very often the same thing as being at the mercy of the promoters; and we have known bargains remain unsettled for twelve months, or even longer; but, if this were all, it might be inconvenient, and yet could hardly be called a scandal. The truth, however, is that the rule and the formalities required by the Committee have been found a most convenient arrangement for enabling the promoters of a new company "to make a market," and yet not be called upon to pay a penny for practically as long as they like.

#### THE CALICO-PRINTERS' COMBINE.

We hear that the middle of next week will see the publication of the prospectus of the Calico-Printers' Association, and that the present issue will amount to £8,000,000, in Ordinary shares of £1 each and Debenture Stock. It has been reported that Messrs. Steiner have "retired" from the amalgamation, but this is quite inaccurate, as they never gave their adhesion to the "combine." With the exception of Messrs. Steiner, who are more engaged in turkey-red dyeing than in calico-printing, all the most influential English and Scottish firms have, we hear, come into the amalgamation. The shares will not be underwritten, which is bold in these days of dear money and close markets, but we understand that the amalgamators will take any that the public do not require. In our next issue we hope to be able to offer a critical analysis of the prospectus.

#### THE ELECTROLYTIC ALKALI COMPANY, LIMITED.

This company, with a capital of £500,000, divided into 200,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and 300,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, is offering for public subscription half each class of share.

The Company is formed to acquire the Hargreaves-Bird electric process for the production of alkali, chlorine, bleaching-powder, and other chemicals. For years everybody in the alkali trade has been looking forward to the introduction of a successful electrolytic process to replace the old and expensive chemical ones which have been in use for so many years, and it appears that Messrs. Hargreaves and Bird have succeeded where so many of their predecessors failed. The process seems to be an ideal one, and, without taking too much account of the estimate of profits put forward by the Board, it is certain that, if half that is claimed is accomplished, the profits earned must be large. The Board appears to be a strong and practical one.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1899.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 138, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. AND Co.—Your post-card has reached the City Editor, who has not the least notion of what it means.

A CONSTANT READER.—The slip had been noticed and referred to long before your letter reached us.

W. J. McL.—It is really too kind of you to condescend so far as to waste your valuable time by occasionally glancing at our Notes. In future, don't overtax your brain by doing it too often!

S. S.—We have written you as fully as we are able.

C. A. P.—You have, no doubt, got your dividend before now. It was only payable on Dec. 1.

LANGLEY.—Like many other foolish people, you have been dealing with outside brokers, and must take the consequences. From what you say in your letter, it is clear that the plea of gambling which the scoundrels put forward will succeed if you carry the case to court. If we were to publish the names of every outside broker who pleads the Gambling Act upon occasion, we should have to defend dozens of libel actions, brought by people who could not pay the costs when we had proved the truth of what we said.

OAKS.—Neither mine your name can be called "a fairly safe lock-up." We prefer the Royal Oak, which has a good man in New Zealand to look after it, but is a pure gamble. The West Australian concern we would not touch at any price. Lady Loch is, we think, better than either, or, probably better still, North Boulder.